

# VOGUE

A woman with a tiger-print wig and a red dress. The woman has blue eyes, red lipstick, and is wearing a large, ornate earring. She is looking directly at the camera. The background is a plain, light color.

60¢

Oct. 15

## **SPECIAL:**

### **UNTAPPED FASHION EXCITEMENTS**

News for the woman  
who hasn't found her look  
for the season

#### ● "HOW LONG IS A WOMAN YOUNG?"

Three men talk: physician,  
psychiatrist, theatre director

#### ● FOUR NEW CHANEL SUIT-FORDS

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#### ● NEWS IN THE UNBEATABLES:

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#### ● "LIVING LIKE A MILLIONAIRE"

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#### ● VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST:

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# VOGUE

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There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

## OCTOBER 15, 1961

### COVER

Firing up fashion now:  
orangey-coral, a Paris spark,  
seen to the shoulder in a coat by Dior.  
This colour, often worn with touches of  
spotty fur; the ocelot cap here,  
also by Dior. Coat, copied in America  
by Country Tweeds in wool fleece;  
about \$120 at Altman's; Rich's; Halle Bros.;  
Marshall Field; Roos-Atkins.  
For a hem-length view, shops in  
other cities, see pages 148-149.  
Fiery coral lipstick with new  
dew-content: Bright Blaze,  
by John Robert Powers.



PENN

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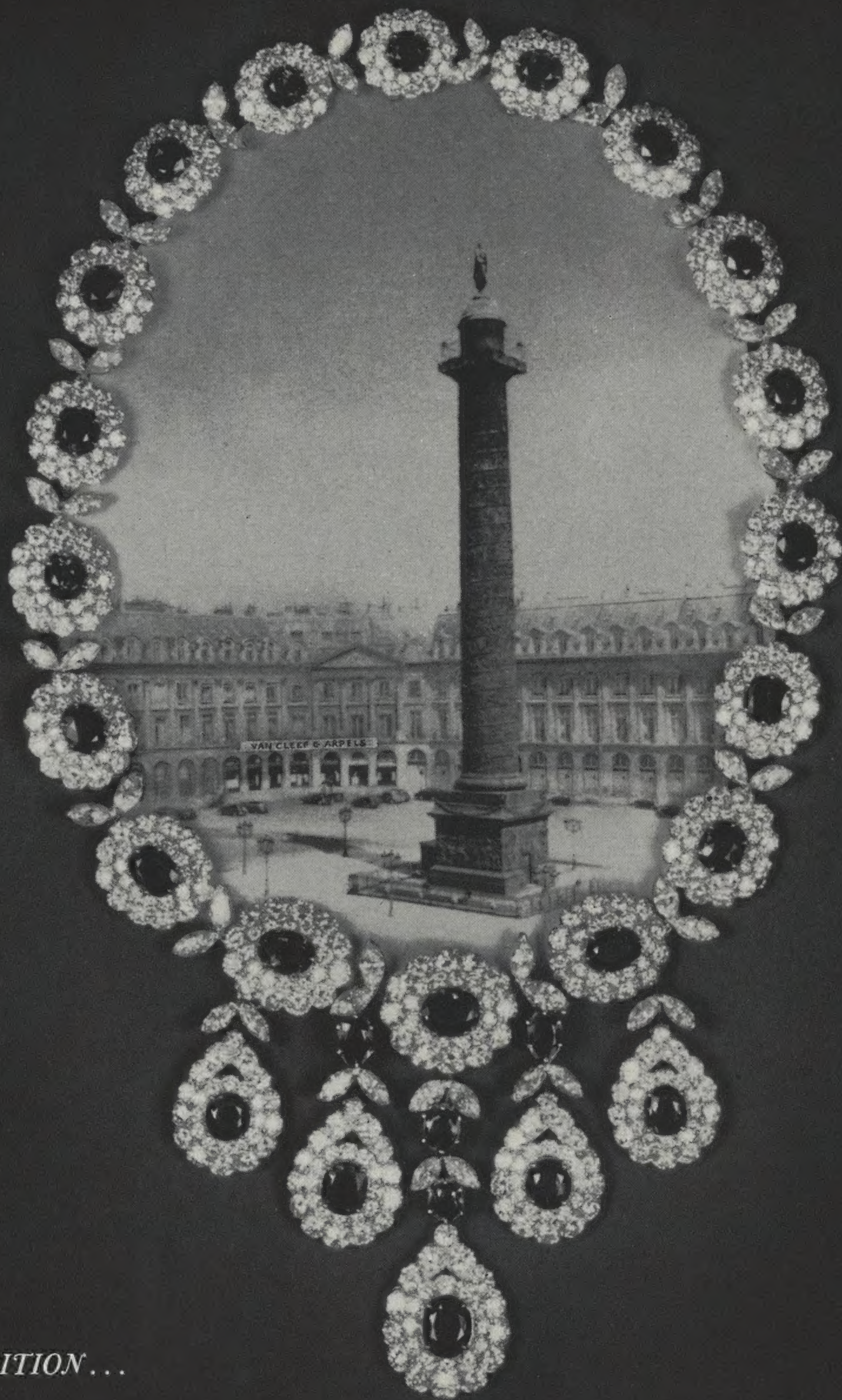


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# Galaxie of new American Brilliants

The new evening fashion brilliants shown with Ford's '62 Galaxie and Sunliner on the following pages are available at the fine stores listed below. See the brilliant new Fords at your local Ford dealer.

Akron, Ohio  
Birnbaum's Suburban Fashion Stores  
Albany, New York.....Flah's of Albany  
Alexandria, Louisiana.....Weiss & Goldring  
Allentown, Pennsylvania.....Nan Carlbly  
Anniston, Alabama.....Ullman's  
Atlanta, Georgia.....Rich's, Inc.  
Baltimore, Maryland.....Maison Annette  
Bartlesville, Oklahoma.....Montaldo's  
Baton Rouge, Louisiana  
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Belmont, Massachusetts.....Town & Country  
Bethesda, Maryland.....Claire Dratch, Inc.  
Beverly Hills, California.....I. Magnin  
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Binghamton, New York  
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Birmingham, Alabama.....Odum, Bower & White  
Bloomington, Illinois.....Paul Anderson, Inc.  
Boston, Massachusetts.....Sara Fredericks  
Brookline, Massachusetts.....Edett's, Inc.  
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Clearwater, Florida.....Mary Brown  
Cleveland, Ohio.....The Higbee Company  
Colorado Springs, Colorado.....Montaldo's  
Columbia, Missouri.....Harzfeld's  
Columbia, South Carolina.....Lisbeth Wolfe  
Columbus, Ohio.....Montaldo's  
Cranston, Rhode Island.....Gladdings  
Cumberland, Maryland.....Martin's  
Dallas, Texas.....Neiman-Marcus  
Dayton, Ohio.....Leon Frank, Inc.  
Davenport, Iowa.....Peterson, Harned, Von Maur  
Delavan, Wisconsin.....Bradley's Dept. Store  
Denver, Colorado.....Montaldo's  
Des Moines, Iowa.....Wolf's  
Detroit, Michigan.....The J. L. Hudson Co.  
Duluth, Minnesota.....Oreck's  
Durham, North Carolina.....Montaldo's  
East Orange, New Jersey.....Doop's  
Erie, Pennsylvania.....Edith Meiser Shoppe  
Evergreen Plaza, Illinois  
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.  
Falls Church, Virginia.....Julius Garfinckel & Co.  
Fairlawn Plaza, Ohio  
Birnbaum's Suburban Fashion Stores  
 Fargo, North Dakota.....Shotwell's  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida.....Jordan Marsh Co.  
Fresno, California.....I. Magnin  
Gainesville, Georgia.....Saul's  
Garden City, New York.....Lord & Taylor  
Gary, Indiana.....The Ladies Shop  
Glendale, California.....Webb's  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.....Alice Jane Dows  
Greensboro, North Carolina.....Montaldo's  
Greenwich, Connecticut.....Florence Schmeltzer  
Hagerstown, Maryland.....Lena Darner Boutique  
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Hammond, Indiana.....Carson Pirie Scott & Co.  
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.....Mary Sachs  
Hartford, Connecticut.....Lord & Taylor's  
Haverford, Pennsylvania.....Natalie Collett  
Hazelton, Pennsylvania.....Brill's  
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# THE PARADOXICAL PLEASURES OF MOROCCO

BY MARY ROBLEE HENRY

Mystery is the keynote of Morocco. Mediaeval and modern live in peaceful coexistence, as though there were no centuries between. To walk through a portal is to step from the twentieth to the twelfth century, crossing a refreshing, anachronous bridge of history. From the wrapped, walled coolness of the old towns, or *medinas*, the threshold leads to luminous, modern cities. Muscular Portuguese fortresses stand guard over crane-spiked harbours; minarets shadow gardens; donkeys trot beside taxis; and everywhere there is a storm of flowers.

## TANGIER:

*a city of two seas, of bazaars, and pashas.*

Tangier, the gateway to Morocco, is slanted up green hills, bordered by two seas—the Atlantic and the Mediterranean—a beguiling scramble of cosmopolite and castaway, of splendour and squalor, of ultra-new and age-old.

Beyond keyhole arches and painted doors lie the gardens of the Sultan, silent but for the filamentary fountains. In the palace museum, specimens from Roman "Tingis" mix with the Sultan's great cedar treasure chests; the view from the ramparts overlooks the white city on the sea, and a Moorish café serves scalding mint tea.

Winding through the tangle of steep *medina* streets, one arrives at the Grand Socco, a market place where, on Thursdays and Sundays, the spicy bazaars, called *souks*, sell produce: live chickens, herbs, and vegetables. The men wear brown hooded *djellabas*; the country women wear wide straw hats dangling yellow and red pompons, puttees, and short red-and-

white-striped skirts. A gratuitous floor show of acrobats, storytellers, and jugglers gives almost continuous entertainment. More sophisticated, the Petit Socco is a square of cafés where basket sellers haggle with *flâneurs* politely, if persistently, in Arabic, English, French, Italian, and Spanish.

Tangier evokes spectres of the past: of many-layered civilizations, of extraordinary people marked by its *mystique*. Painters were particularly susceptible, including Delacroix, Matisse, Marquet, and Camoin. (Most of Matisse's Moroccan paintings of 1912 and 1913 are in Moscow, as they were bought by his friends, Morosov and Shchukin.)

In 1832, Delacroix made sketches for his painting, "Les Femmes d'Alger dans leurs Appartements," in Tangier and noted in his *Journal*, "The Spanish mountains in the softest possible tones; the sea, a dark blue green, the colour of a fig. . . ." This tableau well fits the drive over "The Mountain" to Cape Spartel, where the Atlantic beach is as wide as a meadow, and the view sweeps to the coast of Spain. (For swimming here, there is a nest of cabañas; and for lunching, a good French-run restaurant above the Grotto of Hercules.)

Tangier takes on a gala look at night, with lights, cafés, night clubs, and dining places. Strip tease, flamenco, and Moroccan dances merge at the cabaret, Le Consulat. The Casino has three floors going: two for gaming; one, firehouse red, for dining and dancing to a *dolce vita* Roman orchestra. In the Kasbah, the restaurant el Maghreb offers "dancing Morocco," Moorish food to be

(Continued on page 28)



Fashion  
FORDS  
for '62

GALAXIE

500

1962

Camelot

Ford's new Galaxie/500—enduring elegance with the power to please

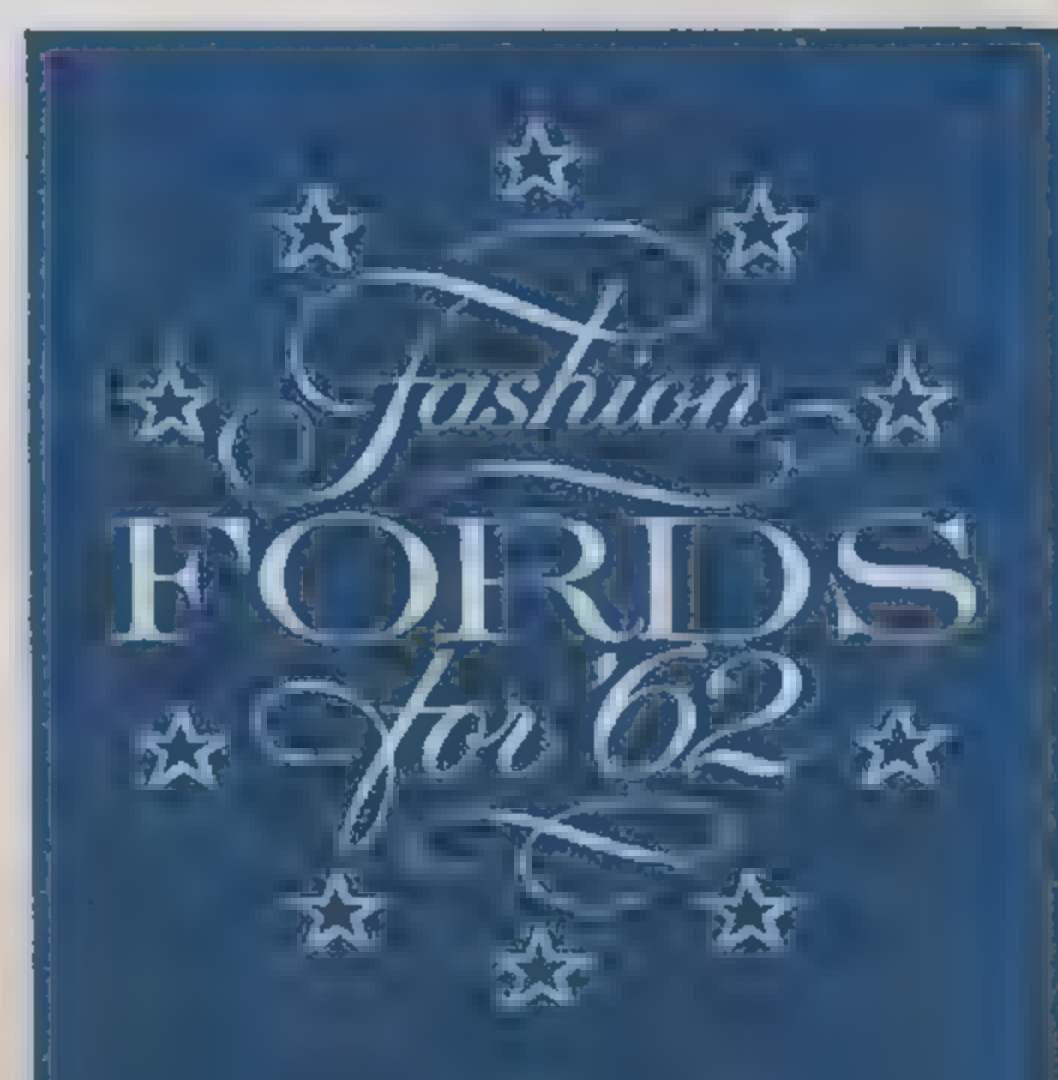
Ford proudly presents for '62: the  
Galaxie of new American Brilliants

Ford proudly presents for '62: the  
Galaxie of new American Brilliants





Like diamonds in a rhinestone world—these are standouts in the world of fashion—cars and clothes of such genuine beauty—so brilliantly designed—so brilliantly executed . . . their light shines out beyond the crowd. The cars are by Ford, of course, long noted for avant garde styling. The clothes in brilliant blacks and whites by two of America's great young talents—Wilson Folmar of Edward Abbott, John Derro of David Hart. More American Brilliants appear on the pages which follow.







# Galaxie of new American Brilliants

*Above: Ford's new Galaxie/500—destined to take exciting people to the most exciting places. Its brilliance shows in its sleek quick lines—beautiful proportions—its shimmery satin kind of beauty. Totally chic, its elegance is matched only by the Thunderbird that inspired it. The fashion brilliants—Edward Abbott's siren sheath with jet-sparked top, his theater dress that marries matte jersey to rustling taffeta. Galaxie Fashions at: Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus, The J. L. Hudson Company, Julius Garfinckel, Harzfeld's, Kaufmann's, Rich's, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, L. S. Ayres, Montaldo's, The Higbee Company, Carson Pirie Scott.*





# Galaxie of new American Brilliants

*Above:* The brilliance inside Galaxie—space to spare, lush carpet, deep foam front seats—lavishly covered and comfort-angled. Seated in this lap of luxury—Edward Abbott's brilliant ostrich-feathered chiffon. *Right:* Brilliance in convertible form—Ford's sparkling new Sunliner. Fashion-packed but practical, too . . . its snug-fitting top converts it to an ultra season-hopper. With it—Edward Abbott's sparkling, beribboned chiffon. *Galaxie fashions are available at: Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus, The J. L. Hudson Company, Julius Garfinckel, Harzfeld's, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Maison Blanche, Kaufmann's, Rich's, Montaldo's, Carson Pirie Scott, The Higbee Company, L. S. Ayres.*





★ ★ ★  
★ *Fashion* ★  
★ FORDS ★  
★ *for '62* ★  
★ ★ ★





Brilliant is as brilliant does—and Galaxie does brilliantly. Levels hills, vetoes bumps, hugs curves—does it all in velvet silence. So very like the Thunderbird . . . this lively spirit . . . this hush that whispers quality. With Galaxie *at right*, David Hart's glistening brocade theater dress—his prophetic bubble-skirted satin. Prophetic, too, Galaxie's rear deck—smoothly beautiful with blade effect to give it zing. *Above*—David Hart's brilliant brocade portrait dress and the enduring brilliance of Galaxie. Galaxie fashions at: Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus, The J. L. Hudson Company, Julius Garfinckel, Harzfeld's, Kaufmann's, Rich's, Montaldo's, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Carson Pirie Scott, The Higbee Company, L. S. Ayres, Maison Blanche. For other fine stores across the country, see page 8.

Accessories by Mr. John • Coiffures by Enrico Caruso.



Galaxie





of new American Brilliants





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Virginia Thoren

Jewels—Harry Winston





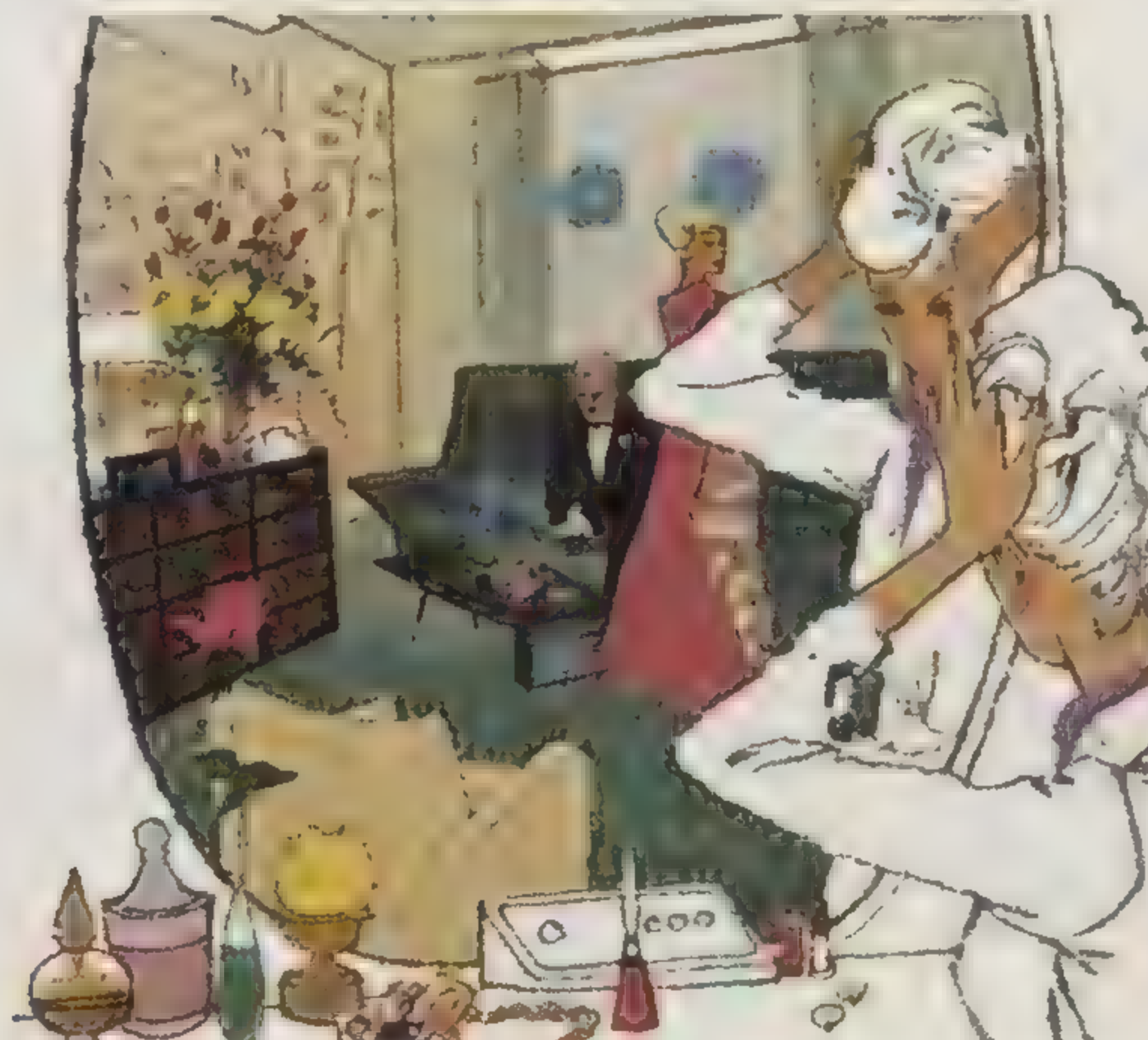
## S.S. FRANCE... Maiden voyage of a New Idea

Opening a new world of luxury for all... New grand luxe First Class... New

**"AND THIS IS TOURIST?"** Yes! You'll find that the France lifts Tourist Class to the level of true luxury. A telephone in every cabin. A separate closet for each passenger. All appointments, including wall-to-wall carpeting, are done in decorator colors. You'll love the roominess—as comfortable as your own home!

Each of the 600 First Class passengers will enjoy the incomparable First Class service and splendor of décor for which French Line is world-known. Cabins and their baths are done in exquisite taste. Telephone, push-button radio, closed-circuit TV on request, and intriguing innovations in appointments in every cabin.

The spacious Tourist Class Salon, with its orchestra for dancing, the luxurious Cocktail Lounge and its intimate bar, the magnificent, balconied Dining Room... all reflect the art and taste of the great decorators of France. There is also a novel Recreation Center for children of all ages.







## concept of Tourist Class, hundreds of single and double cabins with bath

She arrives **FEBRUARY 8** • Her 1035-foot length and her stabilizers make for smooth sailing • The world's longest liner carries 600 First Class passengers and 1400 in Tourist Class • Air-conditioned and soundproofed throughout • 4½-day crossings to England, 5 to France • Tourist promenade deck encircles magnificent Tourist public rooms • Largest theater afloat • Year-round outdoor swimming pool

When the new S.S. France sails proudly past the Statue of Liberty, her deep voice will salute this symbol of the hopes and aspirations of two great nations. For truly she is an ambassadress of the people of France to America.

Once aboard, you will enjoy the fine cuisine for which France is justly famous (table wine compliments of the Line). You will be charmed by the courtesy

of French Line service. You'll *relax*.

The France is breath-takingly large. Yet her designers have distributed her 66,000 tons to blend French elegance with roomy comfort. With the France, *a new idea in luxury travel sails the seas*.

When you see the France, you will know that *your* ship has come in . . . for your enchanted voyage . . . the bright experience of a lifetime!

**BOOK NOW** for your voyage on the S.S. France

She makes her first voyage from New York to Europe on February 13—then March 2 and 15. Rates from \$417.50 First Class, \$223 Tourist Class.

Save 10% on Thrift-Season Sailings to Europe. Go round-trip on French Line. Or one way French Line, one way any steamship or airline.

**See your authorized travel agent now!**

Ask him for free full-color brochures on the S.S. France. Or write to French Line, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

**French Line®**

**FRANCE-AFLOAT NEW AND TRIUMPHANT**






Canada Mink—Majestic\* Pearl (natural pale beige mutation mink)

*The presence of great beauty commands a hush of awe...*

From its ancestral home in the crystal cold of Canada, comes the supreme royalty in mink . . . deeply soft, sumptuous . . . its peerless beauty a tradition of centuries. Everywhere in the world, this magnificent fur is accorded the homage that is given only to true majesty . . .

THE MAJESTY  OF CANADA MINK

\*REG'D TRADE NAME OF C.M.B.





MONTALDO'S TRADITIONAL MAGNIFICENCE

in Canada Majestic Mink

MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, North Carolina - Richmond, Virginia

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East Orange, N. J. from **Doops**





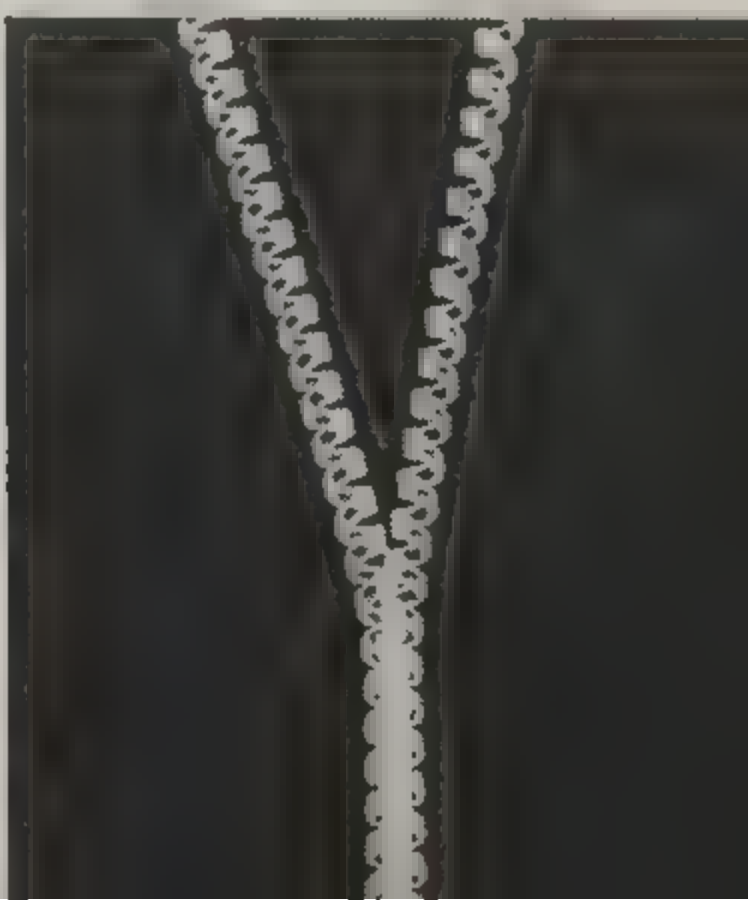
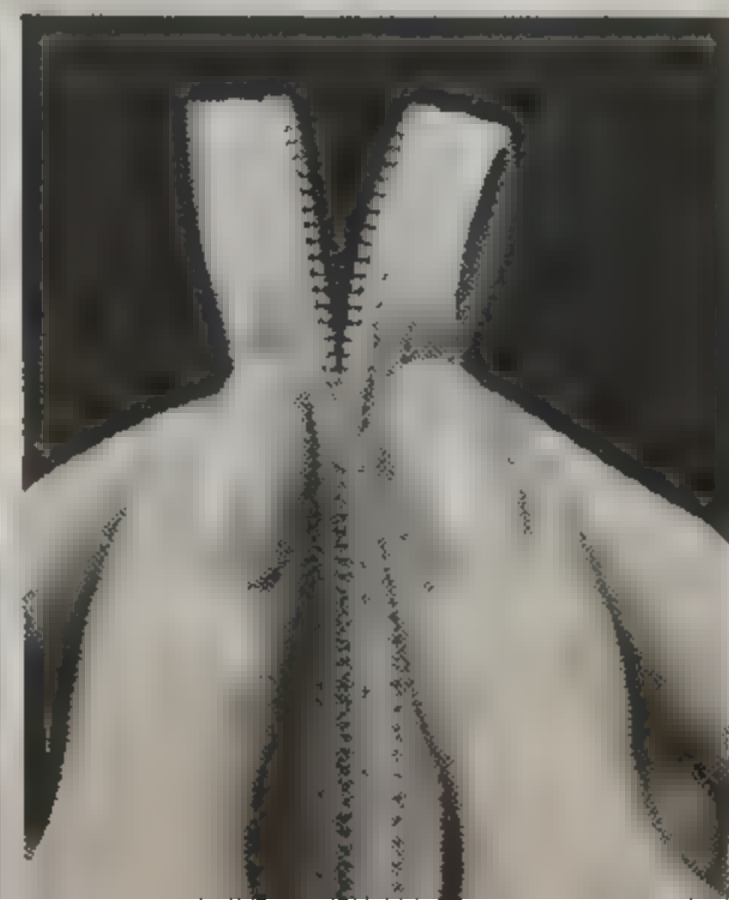
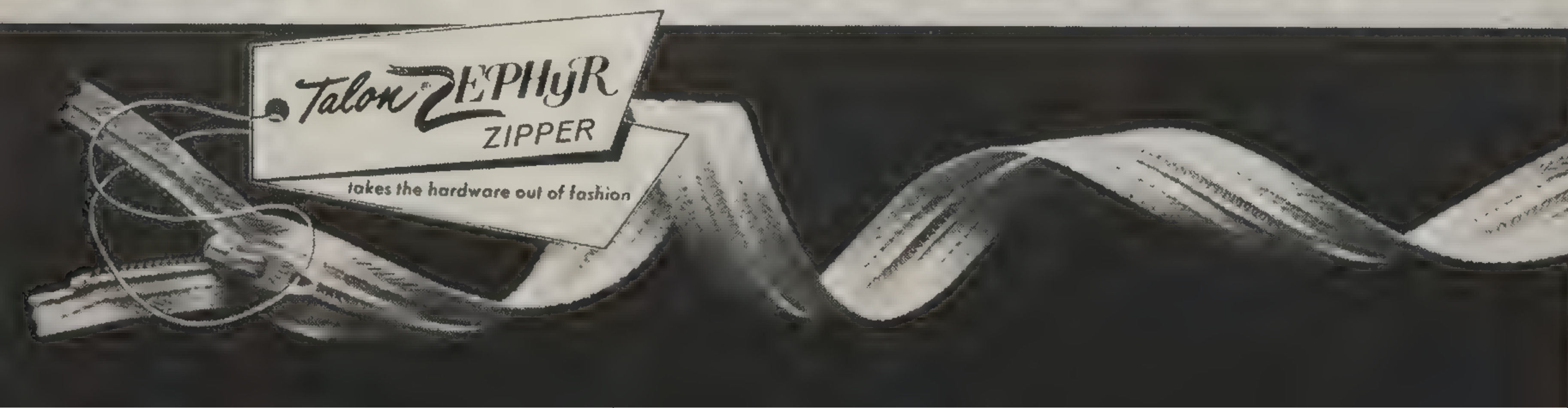
DON'T GET  
CLAMPED  
IN THE  
HARDWARE  
OF METAL  
ZIPPERS

Hold it! Talon, Inc. takes the hardware out of fashion with the Zephyr zipper—light, limber, soft-as-fabric, made in a revolutionary new way—in a spiral design of DuPont nylon. And Zephyr's color lives forever, can't chip or wear off. So gone are the harsh teeth... the hardware feel and gleam of metal zippers. It's virtually snag-proof, but if something should catch in spiral, it's magically "self-healing." (Bend it in half to open. Release whatever's caught. Then un-zip, re-zip and it "heals" itself!\*) Look for fashions flying the Talon Zephyr tag.

NEW NYLON TALON ZEPHYR TAKES THE HARDWARE OUT OF FASHION

\*Bend it in half... re-zip, and it "heals" itself.

The secret's in the nylon spiral.





# when a fellow needs a wife



You may already be wondering what we, makers of 'Botany' 500 men's suits, are doing in Vogue. We're here, frankly, because we want your help.

You know how a man feels about shopping for a suit. He hates it. He doesn't know much about it, he feels uncomfortable and unsure while doing it, and the whole thing is a nuisance anyway. He wants to get it over with as quickly as possible.

All too often, it turns out he bought a perfectly good suit — but not necessarily the best suit for him.

To us the solution seems simple: in-

vite you to get into the act. We can see nothing but benefits — to your man, to you, and not least of all to ourselves.

True, women are notoriously tougher to sell. But we also know that your educated eye perceives subtle differences that pass a man by completely; things like hand-sewn buttonholes, and perfectly matched patterns at pockets and seams, which are indicators of quality.

There are other tailoring niceties, however, that are not so easy to recognize: hand-basted linings, hand-set sleeves, hand-felled collar, for instance. And to see some you would have to tear the suit apart: things like tape-reinforced shoulder

seams, double-sewn bridle stays, hand-shaped sections, or the finest hair cloth front interlinings.

Can you possibly recognize such esoterica? Not directly, but you can both make sure of them by looking for our 'Botany' 500 label. Furthermore, if you'll write to us at the address below, we'll send you a whole bookletful of information about quality in men's suits, and the name of your 'Botany' 500 dealer, which you can pass on to your husband.

Don't forget, your most important fashion accessory is a well-dressed man. We know yours will do you proud in a 'Botany' 500 suit. Price, \$69.50\*. R.S.V.P. to 'Botany' 500, 2300 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3,

**'BOTANY' 500<sup>®</sup>** Pa. (a division of Botany Industries).  
tailored by **DAROFF**  
\*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST .

Santized<sup>®</sup> FOR HYGIENIC FRESHNESS    MADE IN AMERICA TO SUIT THE AMERICAN TASTE



# LESLIE FAY FOR THE TYPICAL AMERICAN SIZE



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST AND CANADA/MR. JOHN JR. HAT

**Costume artistry in print**... jacket buttoning diagonally off center with new curving sleeve and collar, over a soft sheath. Luxurious Arnel® triacetate surah in gold, green or blue print by JOYCE. Petite sizes 10 to 20, about \$30. For store nearest you write: Leslie Fay, 1400 B'way, N. Y. In Canada: 1470 Peel St., Montreal.



A *Ritter* ORIGINAL



JEWELRY: LILLY DAZ ME

*Opulence overhead: the hood unfolding into a cowl, the coat sloping into a flared hem. Beautifully done, in the raven-haired radiance of Great Lakes natural dark ranch mink, Ritter Bros., Inc. 224 West 30th St., N.Y. HOLT, RENFREW in Canada.*

JOSEPH MAGNIN, SAN FRANCISCO; SAKOWITZ BROS, HOUSTON; NAN DUSKIN, PHILADELPHIA

**greatlakesmink**  
GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION





The most luxurious gift  
you can give dry skin!

John Robert Powers

*Moisture Control*

with exclusive Aquacel

at your fingertips...

a softer, silkier skin

Every skin becomes dry, lined, or wrinkled when the water content drops below normal. Only Powers Moisture Control contains Aquacel, the amazing discovery that helps your skin retain normal moisture — helps keep the perfect water balance which gives you a smoother, softer, younger-looking complexion. When you use Moisture Control faithfully, by night while you sleep, by day under your make-up, dryness will tend to go away and stay away.

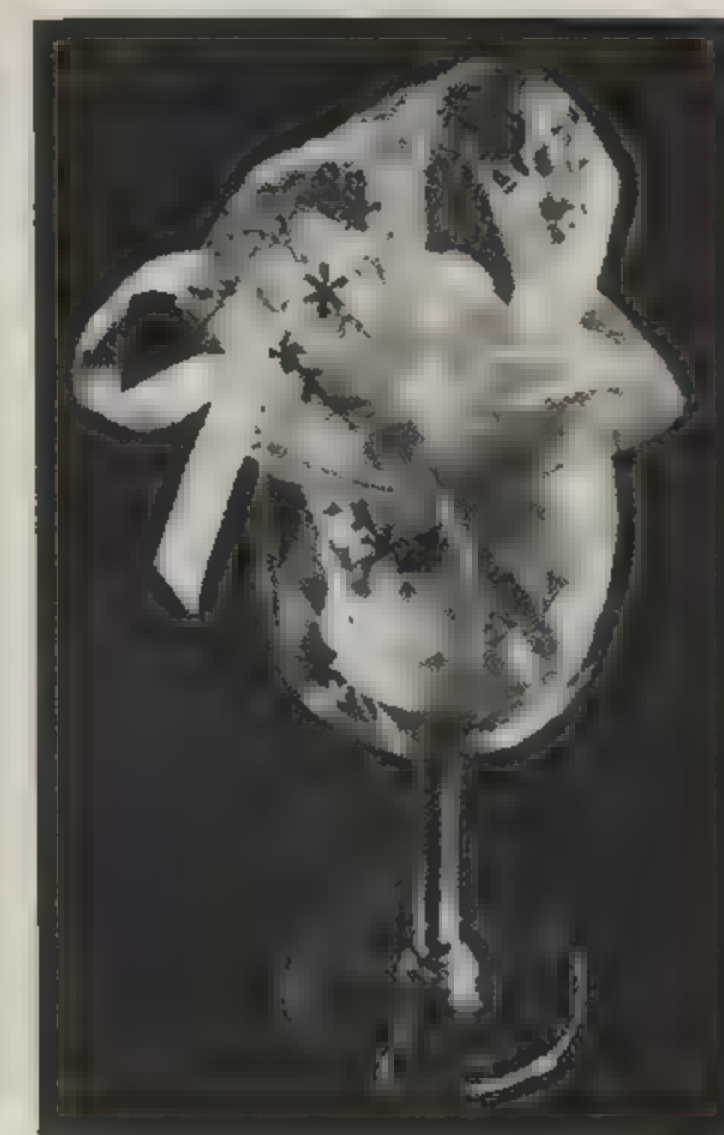
Give your complexion a gift — start using Moisture Control right away! 2 oz. \$5.00; 4 oz. \$9.00, plus tax.



*John Robert Powers*

Sold only at fine Department and Specialty Stores.

© JOHN ROBERT POWERS PRODUCTS CO., INC. 1961



## Light underscoring

*Above:* Pink and white flowers (tiny) are embroidered on a brassière of white nylon net.

Curved wire in front.

By Beverly; \$6.

At Altman's.

*Right:* Quite-straight slip in a rich Devonshire-cream colour—to wear under the string colours, pale grey, and off-white.

By Sans Souci, of nylon tricot edged with pleating and narrow bands of nylon lace.

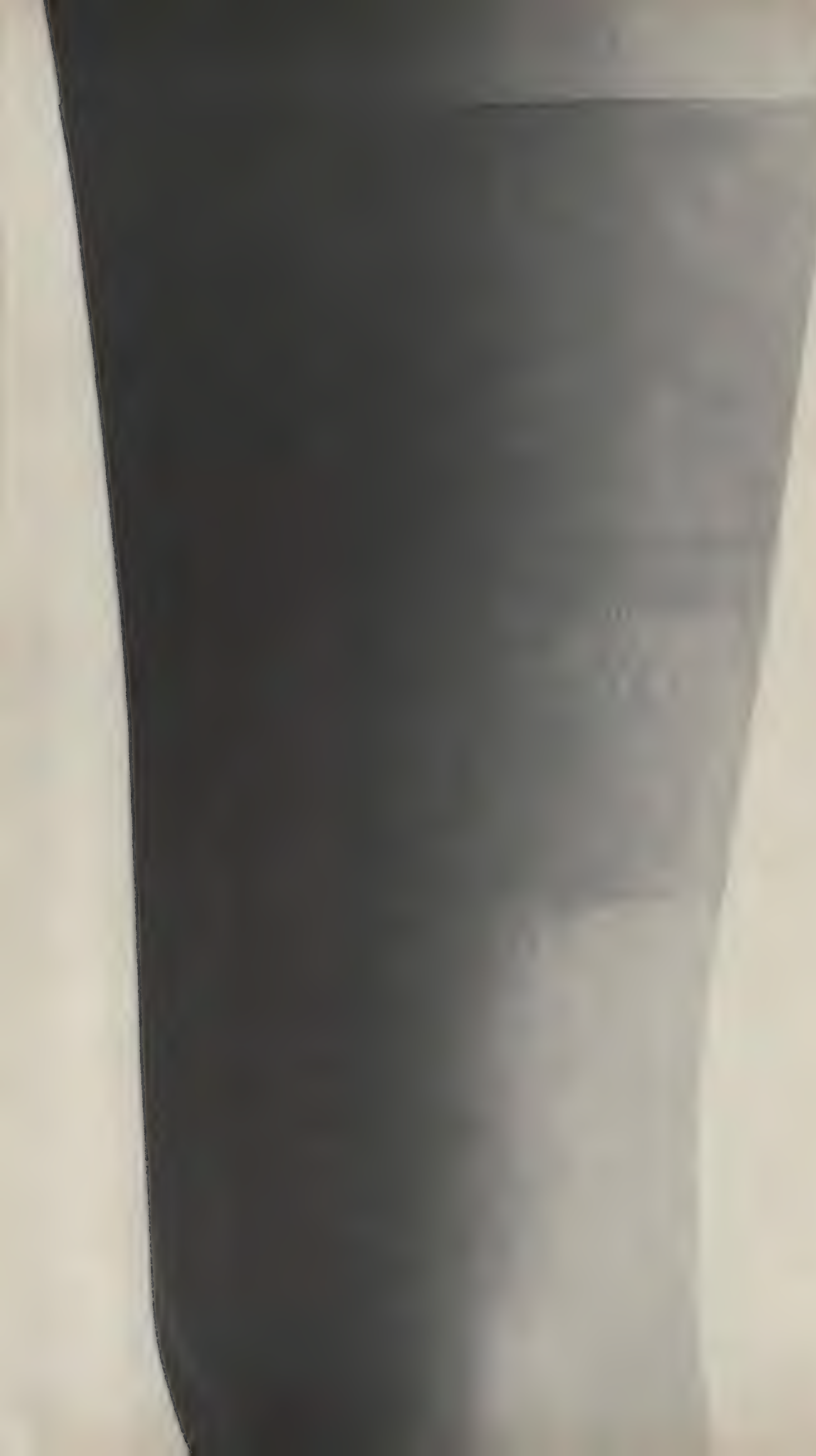
About \$6. At Best & Co.; Frederick & Nelson.



EVELYN MARCIL

VOGUE incorporating Vanity Fair





Round-the-Clock  
stockings fit better at  
the thigh than any  
other stockings. Better  
at the knee, the calf,  
the ankle, the toe. They  
*feel* good. No tautness.  
No wrinkles. Because  
they come in more sizes  
than any other stockings  
(width as well as length).  
And because the Round-  
the-Clock salesgirl  
(who records everything  
about your legs) can  
invariably pluck out the  
perfect size for you.  
Yes, there is a stocking  
that fits so well, it  
almost stays up without  
garters. Its name is  
Round-the-Clock.



## THE PARADOXICAL PLEASURES OF MOROCCO

(Continued from page 8)

eaten with the first three fingers of the right hand. For quieter French *bistro* eating there is La Grenouille, where the spirit is merry and the food excellent.

Hotels are varied, modern, sophisticated. El Minzah usually has a catch of pashas and international *conférenciers* to add to its Oriental allure. The Grand Hotel, on a feathery hillside, is small, but has a Moroccan restaurant. Happily bordering the beach, the Rif Hotel is exceedingly modern, with a swimming pool fed by a waterfall.

### TETUÁN:

*Spanish paseo among green minarets.*

Perhaps the most rewarding loop through Morocco is the drive east from Tangier, through former Spanish Morocco, to the southern areas. Pierre Loti, the French writer, with fourteen cele-

brated travellers, did this in 1889, later noting in his book, *Au Maroc*, that his tent was "like a huge white parasol, the floor a carpet of minuscule violet iris. . . ." At that time, the journey from Tangier to Fez took nineteen days; now, it is a matter of about two hundred miles, driving over good roads.

At Tetuán, you wonder whether you are in Morocco or Andalusia. Shelved into a steep mountain, the city is white, spiked with green minarets, with houses embroidered in *azulejos*, those shining blue tiles. Here, *se habla español*. Many families have such names as Torres, Fernandez, and Rodriguez; many still have keys to their houses in Granada, although it has been almost five hundred years since Isabel and Ferdinand reconquered that city from

(Continued on page 42)

## The crêpe slip; next move for knitted clothes

In a season that's plunged hard for knitted clothes, a slip's most important asset is likely to be invisibility.

Here, a half-slip in one of the sleekest fabrics going—nylon crêpe; it won't disrupt the lines of even the clingiest fabrics.

In a sunny shade of beige, the lacy, embroidered hem slashed for walkability. By A. N. Saab, of Du Pont nylon; about \$23. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.



EVELYN MARCIL

# The Gala Look of Elizabeth Arden

Ah, the extraordinary happens the moment you possess

The Gala Look. A new tonal scale of color gives you a shimmering beauty in winter's sunlight, in evening's moonpale glow. Let's Dance is the color that comes to your lips. Gala are your eyes. All together you have the Gala Look wherever you go. This is the beauty of Elizabeth Arden.

## Let's Dance Lipstick

The most inviting red, vibrant by day, exciting by night. Click-Change lipstick 1.75. Refill 1.00

## Let's Dance Nail Lacquer

The blaze of dancing color is right at your fingertips day and evening through. 1.00

## Let's Dance Cream Rouge

A Gala Look is reflected in a blush of dancing color on your cheeks. 2.00

## Silver Gala Veiled Radiance

Gala beauty begins with the foundation. Silver-glinted Veiled Radiance films your complexion for The Gala Look. 5.00, 8.50

## Silver Gala Invisible Veil

Powder, with silvery sparkle and pale as light itself, illumines your skin in a starry look. 3.00, 5.00

## Gala Eyes

Dancing Green Eye Shado brings new incandescence to your eyelids. New Liquid Eye Shado 2.75  
Cream Eye Shado 2.00, Stick 2.00

Mascarette adds exciting dimension to your eyes. New brushed golden case with automatic spiral brush. Seven waterproof colors, 2.00 each. Refill 1.25

## The Gala Look Trio

Lipstick, Nail Lacquer, Cream Rouge, 2.75

## The Gala Look

is all-together yours in a champagne glass, 17.50

Prices plus tax

*Elizabeth Arden*

© 1961 ELIZABETH ARDEN




# Ah look, The Gala Look



*Elizabeth Arden*  
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS



A woman with blonde hair styled in a bun, wearing a camel-colored, long-sleeved, button-down dress with a matching belt. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background is a soft, out-of-focus brown.

She sees the **FORSTMANN**  
label, recognizes her very  
own kind of elegance in  
her favorite camel color  
and her favorite woolen!  
About \$215. Bergdorf  
Goodman, N.Y.; Chas. A.  
Stevens, Chicago; Joseph  
Magnin, San Francisco.



J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC., NEW YORK 36, N. Y.  
FINE FABRICS MADE IN AMERICA SINCE 1813



Vodka 80 & 100 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cincinnati, Ohio. Distributed by National Distillers Products Company



***SMART, SMOOTH, SPIRITED...***

*Very smart, very smooth and a delightfully spirited drinking companion ...that's Gilbey's Vodka. People who started the vodka fad have made Gilbey's their steady. You will, too! Because Gilbey's Vodka is distilled from natural grain...absolutely undetectable...mixes great...sensibly priced.*

***GILBEY'S VODKA***

*by the makers of Gilbey's Gin*





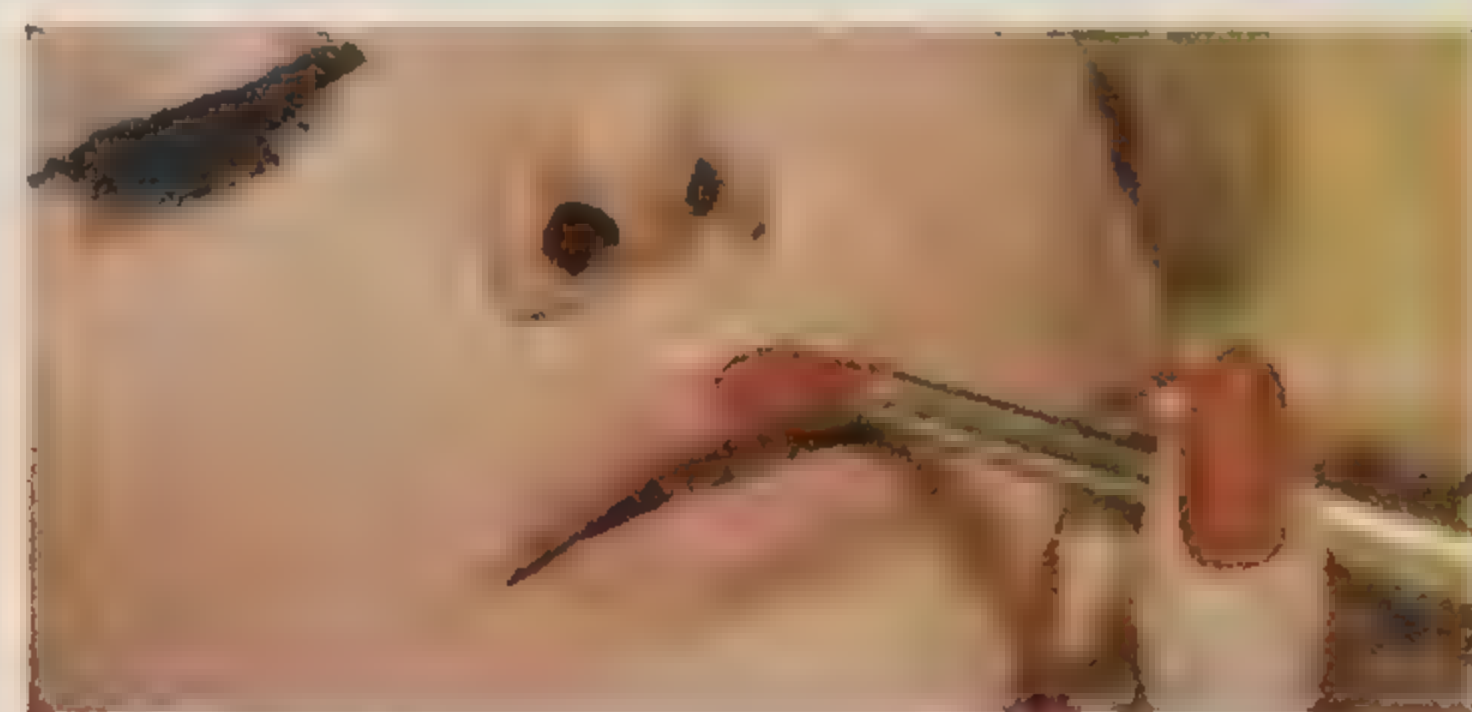


New Fashion Slim Lipstick from Dorothy Gray matched in color,



SHAPES EVEN BETTER THAN A LIPSTICK BRUSH. Here it is—in actual size!—the exciting new dimension in lipstick. It's slim, slim Fashion Slim... a magic wand of creamy color, just half

the diameter of yesterday's lipsticks. And it's beautifully cased in a golden shaft—excitingly new as the lipstick itself. Fashion Slim Lipstick in 12 enchanting new fashion shades. \$1.50



Now you can color your lips with rare perfection... master all the flattering shapes worn by famous models—in seconds! Just a few quick strokes and the effect is fantastic!





news, elegance by Dorothy Gray Fashion Finish Nail Enamel



Now...a totally new nail enamel that dries quickly, evenly all over to avoid smearing. Color-matched to Fashion Slim Lipstick. Fashion Finish Nail Enamel is excitingly beautiful, lustrous—but tough! Protects nails, counteracts breaking, peeling. \$1.25



Because Fashion Slim Lipstick is small enough, yet firm enough to give you absolute control of contour...to define, fill in as never before. Only Dorothy Gray makes it. Only Dorothy Gray could.

Dorothy Gray





*Crescendo*  
gloves  
SARABAND 5.00

*C'est Magnifique!*  
PAREE 5.00

*Crescendo*  
JUANITA 3.50

*C'est Magnifique!*  
ELYSIA 3.50

leather and lined of wonder washing. Wonder fabric



# Special Announcement for 1962...

No words, no pictures, no cute little tune can give you the whole great story of the 1962 Buick Special. You must get behind the wheel, drive the car, then listen to your head and your heart—that's the story. Meanwhile, here are some facts: 1. There's a new Buick Special convertible for 1962, as dashing and sprightly a car as you ever saw. 2. For '62 the Buick Special brings you a great new exclusive—the new V-6 engine. Perfect mating of the vim and vigor of V-design with the economy of a six. Great running mate for the famous Buick Special aluminum V-8. 3. Your choice of Dual-Path automatic transmission or a new 4-speed "stick shift" synchromesh.\* 4. New trims, new colors, eight new models to choose from—*every one a Buick through and through*. 5. The lilt of Skylark styling, inspired by Buick's great sports-minded fun car. Do something Special for yourself: Drive America's *happy-medium size car*—

## Buick Special '62



\*Optional at extra cost






THE FASHION STOCKINGS FAMOUS FOR FIT

IN *NoMend's* FAMOUS 5" PROPORTIONED LEG TYPES





Stolen  
from  
the Left  
Bank...

## Michel *Color-in-Crème* Total Make-up

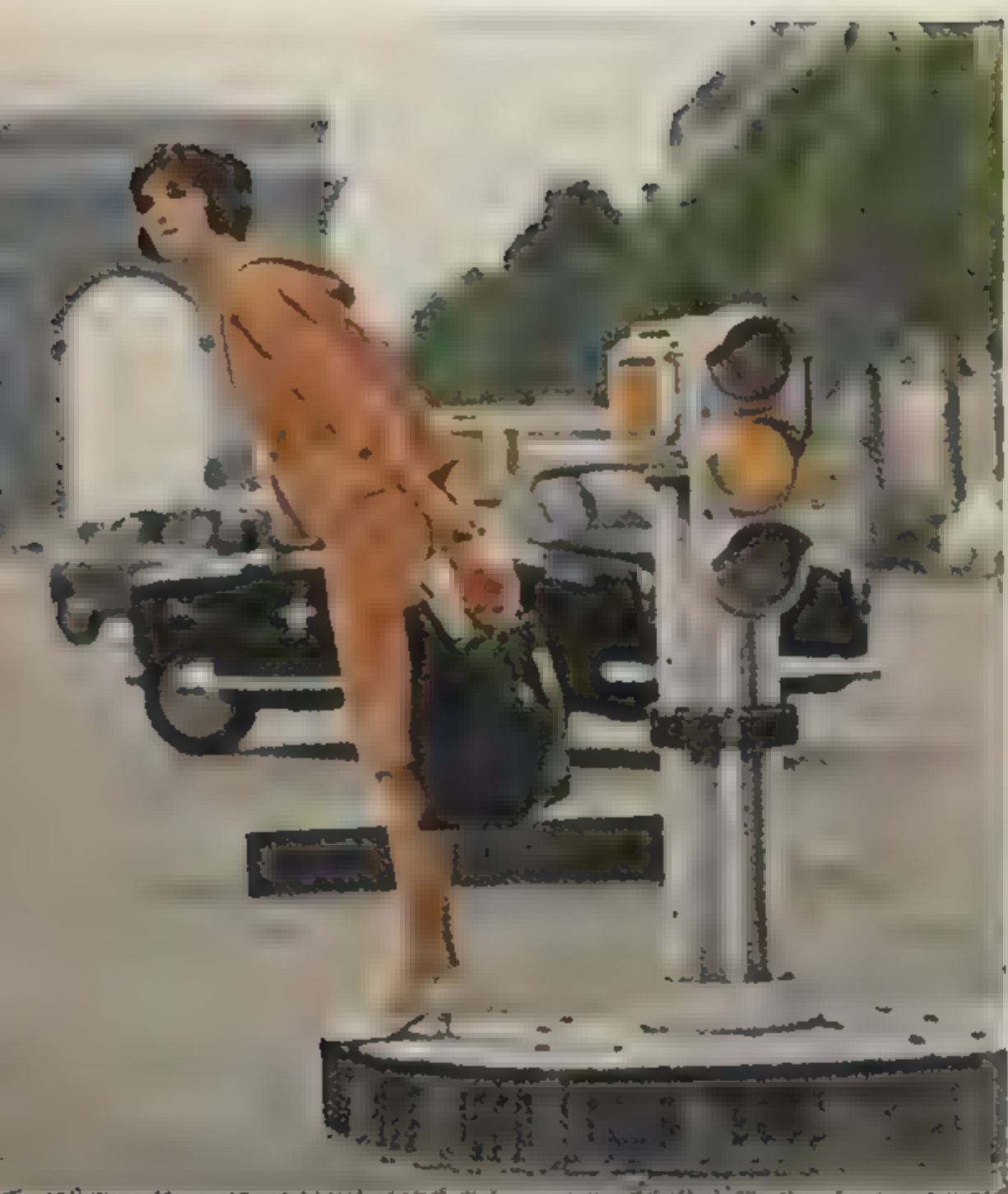
ONE make-up for foundation, cheeks and eyes in varied color gradations—to achieve an *unbroken finish*. It's the technique portrait artists use! Color-in-Crème is a totally new concept in make-up. Its formula—pure pigments ingeniously blended with satiny moisturizers to make the complexion dewy fresh. Très exciting—the myriad color effects; the deft way you can match and blend shades. Like an artist's palette—there are primers, toners, tinters, outliners. The primers are the foundations; they set the complexion mood. The

toners highlight the cheeks. The tinters accentuate the eyes; the outliners define them. Très, très newsworthy—the colors. From alabasters to golden bronzes; vermilions to viridians—they're as inimitable as Michel's 32 madly delicious lipstick and nail lacquer shades. And ma chère, you don't have to be a Renoir to master the technique. The big reward (and fun) is discovering the many enchanting "expressions" you can lend to your own intrinsic beauty with Michel's magnificent Color-in-Crème Total Make-up experimental kit.

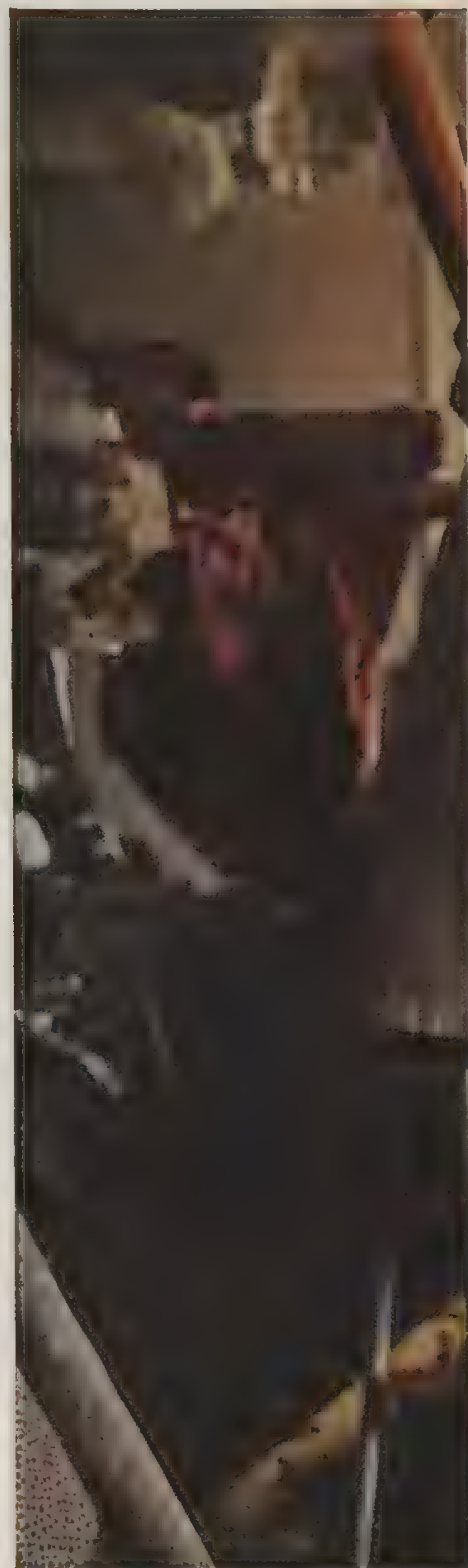
It has 2 primers, 3 toners and 7 tinters, 2 outliners, finishing powder, beauty tools, idea booklet—only \$12.50. Naturellement, Color-in-Crème is sold individually in large sizes—Primers \$3.50; Toners, Tinters, Outliners \$2.50 each. All plus tax at Lord & Taylor and other fine stores.

*Michel*





*Bra and long-leg panty girdle by Jantzen, made with Vyrene*



*Water Bali with Flutter Band, made with Vyrene*

# VYRENE<sup>®</sup>



The big news behind all important fashion is Vyrene, the fabulous new spandex fiber that has revolutionized the look, the feel, the *very* life of girdles and bras. Vyrene is both gossamer fine and ultra strong...making girdles lighter, softer, lovelier and longer lasting than ever before. Bras fit better, too, for the strategic use of Vyrene



*Vyrene visits Paris and is photographed in the couture salon of Madame Grès, 1 Rue de la Paix, Paris*



*Enhance girdle and bra by Lily of France, made with Vyrene*



*Bandeau by Peter Pan, made with Vyrene*



# *visits* PARIS

gives them just enough stretch to "breathe" with you, stay perfectly in place. This season, Vyrene, in the *newest* girdles and bras, *shapes* the fashion that is the fashion.

VYRENE, THE SUPERIOR SPANDEX, IS MADE ONLY BY THE TEXTILE DIVISION  
U. S. RUBBER, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK

**VYRENE®**   
BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS LASTEX®





## Queen

pleasure-bound pump keeps appointments with style

**The look:** You're equal to any exotic background in a costume of rare spice, accented with stark black pumps for that Life Stride look of perfection.

**The shoe:** Striking as an exclamation point in polished calf, buckled on the bias. The fit, as luxurious as the fashion, with Life Stride's own soft Cuscino construction.

12<sup>99</sup>

Other styles, 6.99 to 12.99  
Higher Denver West

*life stride*®  
the young point of view in shoes



Costume by John Macre  
for Talback, la Fonda del Sol.

To bring you shoes that represent America's biggest dollar's worth today, we use leather as well as a wide variety of materials including fiber and plastic products, textiles and metals—all of which have been thoroughly tested in Brown Shoe Company's Quality Control Laboratories • LIFE STRIDE DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



And suddenly  
all other girdles seem <sup>very</sup> old-fashioned

patented  
*Enhance*  
NOW WITH  
**VYRENE**  
SPANDEX



**Enhance, the world's most wanted girdle ... now with Vyrene spandex!**

Enhance, the greatest advance in girdle design... together with the new miracle fiber, spandex... gives you the ultimate in control, lightweight-comfort, and care-free living. Enhance elongates your torso... makes you look slimmer, younger, more exciting... without heavy bones or bulky seams. The beautiful floral pattern is of Cadon nylon. Enhance girdles and Lily of France bras in spandex. At your favorite store... or write

*Lily of France*  
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

LILY OF FRANCE, INC., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. \*T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

OCTOBER 15, 1961



## Europe's in fashion just when Pan Am Jet fares are at their lowest!

Beginning October 1, you can fly the Atlantic for as low as \$350 round trip on Pan American's 17-day Jet Economy Excursion fares. You save \$136 over regular economy class fares. Experienced travelers choose Autumn to see the real Europe, and they fly Pan American to see more of it—more pleasantly. For our free booklet, "Woman's Way to See Europe," write Pan American, Dept. 25, Box 2255, New York 17, N. Y.



## THE PARADOXICAL PLEASURES OF MOROCCO

(Continued from page 28)

the Moors. In the main Plaza de España, the habit of sauntering, *paseo*, goes on till midnight; even the jewel-eyed children stay up.

There is the Hotel Nacional, comfortable, clean, with the bullfight charm of a *torero* place where one might overhear discussions of a *corrida*, although the local *plaza de toros* is now boarded up, a relic of the Colonial past.

### XAUEN:

*mosques, mysteries, monkeys—a pleasing Parador.*

South to Xauen, the road curls through the Rif Mountains, frosted in pink laurel, crossed by rushing streams, cut by abrasive rock. A wagonless country, everything is largely hauled by donkeys, and, alas, by women trotting patiently behind their burro-borne men who, swathed and hooded, look like mediaeval Capuchin monks.

Sainted, mysterious Xauen, built like an amphitheatre into towering rocks, was closed to non-Moslems until 1920. Only the French White Father, Charles de Foucauld, disguised as a Jew, gained admittance in 1883. Now everyone may go to this city of chiaroscuro streets lined with blue-washed houses, tiled mosques, miniature squares, fountains, and a feudal *Alcazaba* of rotting walls and overblown gardens. In the rug factory, small orphan girls sit cross-legged before high, stringed looms, weaving rugs which may be bought for very little. Men squat for hours over checkers; wordless women slip, ghost-veiled, through the quiet streets; the silence is broken only by the clip-clop of donkeys, jogging along like mechanical toys.

In contrast, the new Spanish city has a gay, trellised *plaza*, a blue *mudéjar* fountain, and, in the garden of the Pasha's palace, three caged monkeys. The Parador, run by a Russian couple, is charming with a panelled, up-to-date bar, a view-prone terrace, and, tucked to one side, a small, fresh swimming pool.

### RABAT-SALÉ:

*city of the King, pink fortresses, sacred eels, and storks.*

A long, ravishing span of Rif Mountains leads south to Rabat, the capital of the country,

where His Majesty King Moulay Hassan lives. In the pink *medina* of Salé, Daniel Defoe was once said to have been the captive of corsairs. Now it is full of entertaining *souks*, particularly in the Street of the Consuls. High above the river Bouregreg, the twelfth-century fortress, Kasbah des Oudaïas, leads through terraced courtyards of date palms and roses to a Moorish café. Black-and-white storks swoop from their shaggy nests in the ramparts to the river beach below; long-robed men pass conical baskets of honeyed cakes, known as *cornes de gazelles*, and glasses of sprigged-mint tea.

The Roman Sala-Colonia supposedly reached its African limit at Rabat, and in the Chella, a great red-walled enclosure, there are Roman baths, a forum, and statuary side by side with a baby Alhambra of 1339, and a lime-green pool of sacred eels as large as boa constrictors, where women come to pray for fecundity. (The Rabat museum, by the way, has extraordinary bronzes both from the Chella and from the Roman city of Volubilis.) For staying in Rabat, there is the Hotel de la Tour Hassan, a flowery, fret-worked place well-situated in the spacious modern city, where double rooms are a mere five dollars a day.

### MEKNÈS:

*palatial remnants of a fiendish sultan.*

A few hours' drive east of Rabat is Meknès, with the massive ruins of Moulay Ismaïl's seventeenth-century palace. Delacroix painted a vast panorama against these walls in 1832. "The Sultan of Morocco with His Bodyguard," and noted that the Sultan had "... a strong resemblance to Louis-Philippe, but younger; thick beard, moderately dark complexion. *Burnous* of fine cloth, silver stirrups. . . ."

Pierre Loti, on the other hand, apparently sensed the sinister presence of Moulay Ismaïl when he tented against the walls one sombre night in 1889, remembering perhaps that the Sultan had installed here twelve thousand horses, thirty thousand slaves, and a harem of five hundred. Although Moulay Ismaïl sent an ambassador to the court



of Louis XIV with gifts of lions, tigers, and ostriches, requesting the hand of a Bourbon princess, he was refused, as word must have reached Le Roi Soleil that the Sultan had decimated, with his own hand, more than twenty thousand victims. Now in the mileage of crumbling pink walls, hundreds of fat frogs croak in a vast, stagnant pool, the last living vestige in this decayed cavity of glory.

#### VOLUBILIS:

*Roman ruins, flowered; Greek theatre in French.*

Two great architectural dramas lie side by side between Meknès and Fez: the Roman city of Volubilis and the Islamic city of Moulay-Idriss.

Volubilis means morning-glory, and these sun-rent ruins rise from a sea of flowers: morning-glories, poppies, asphodel, thistles, and buttercups. A city of fifteen thousand in 217 A.D., it had houses, beautiful mosaic floors, columned peristyles, and a triumphal arch built in honour of Caracalla. Today, fluffy storks' nests form capitals on the broken pediments, and in summer and spring the arch is floodlit for Greek plays presented in French.

#### MOULAY-IDRISS:

*sainted city, wrapped people, fantasies of horsemen on Arab chargers.*

In contrast to Volubilis—expansive, aerated, golden—there is Moulay-Idriss: adumbrated, illusive, blanched. Floating on a rock like a white ship riding a tidal wave, the city gleams with green-tiled mosques, and is second only to Mecca in Islamic sanctity. It is forbidden to non-Moslems except for brief visits when an official guide leads visitors through the maze of eighth-century streets.

On Saturdays, the country people open their market *souks*, spreading straw mats with deliciously scented mounds of cinnamon, saffron, coriander, ginger, and great bouquets of fresh mint. There is a good deal of donkey-dodging, but the people here, as in all of Morocco, are timid, smiling, polite. Little henna-haired girls and robed boys greet strangers with, "*Bon zour, M'dame; bon zour, M'sieur.*"

In September there are festival-pilgrimages to Moulay-Idriss, when burnoused riders gallop wildly on Arabian chargers . . . the famous *fantasia*. Pierre Loti describes his first *fantasia* in these words: "Oh! Strange horsemen, seen at rest and at a distance! On

their meagre horses, mounted in armchair saddles, they appear like old women veiled in white, like ancient dolls, like mummies. Their heads are wrapped in mousseline, in their hands are long, pointed poles decorated in brilliant copper, their burnouses trail like shawls on the haunches of their mounts. . . . A raucous cry, a signal . . . their horses leap, rear, gallop like frightened gazelles. Suddenly the ancient dolls come to life and become superb men, svelte and agile, with beautiful, ferocious faces, flying like the wind, brandishing their long guns. . . ."

#### FEZ:

*the souks, Koranic schools, a palace of 1,000 rooms.*

Of Fez, an Arab poet once wrote: ". . . are your waters of white honey, or are they of silver?" Perhaps the most extraordinary of all North African cities, Fez is a spume-white, mountain-fringed city of *médersas* (Koranic universities), cubed houses, and crescented minarets. Its many-gated, walled *medina* is a network of mediaeval life—of artisans in raised cubicles working endlessly, silently, skillfully. Jewellery, brasswork, cloth, embroidered slippers, pottery, and leather *souks* all have their special streets. Near the sweet-smelling cedar carpenters is the magnificent Nejjarine portal and fountain, a masterwork of *zelliges*, green, blue, and yellow faïence.

The banter and scurry of the narrow streets is offset by memorable, rapid glimpses into the immense columned hall of the Karouiine Mosque, where hundreds of students and pilgrims crouch in perpetual prayer.

At the gay, cool Palais de Fez there is a collection of buyable things, especially *kaftans*—embroidered wedding gowns for Moroccan brides. The restaurant upstairs is a special pleasure of gold and blue brocade divans ranged around low brass tables for lunching, or for afternoon orange juice or mint tea. Another place for tea, Les Mérinides, overlooks, from a hilltop, the serene mural of Fez.

A palace of a thousand rooms is both the Sultan's residence and a museum. A creamy immense courtyard of a dozen jet-sprayed fountains leads to span-gled gardens, at first well-kept, then fanning into derelict wings of rotted timber, full-blown roses, long-neglected apartments. This

(Continued on page 69)

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are made by Craddock-Terry Shoe Corporation, Lynchburg, Virginia.

## The gold-pencil lipsticks

*(First mentioned  
on page 84)*

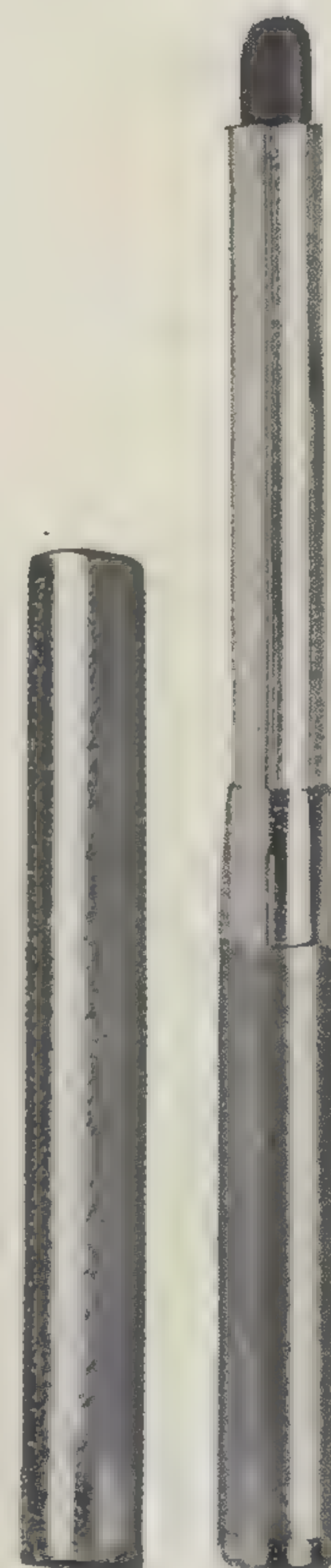


Their point, of course,  
drawing the line—  
sharper, clearer. Liners  
and fillers in one,  
the gilt-cased sticks  
are slimmed down to  
pencil size,  
even thinner.

*Above:* Helena  
Rubinstein's  
pencil comes in  
twelve colours.

About \$1.50 plus tax.

*Right:* Dorothy Gray's  
pencil lipsticks,  
in a range of twelve  
colours. About \$1.50  
plus tax.





# Warren of Stafford



## WOOL

Done to a flare-thee-well. This reversible coat by **LEWISTON LTD.** in pale and tawny Warren fleece uses two shades of wool back to back. Wool will keep its spring inside and out, color smoothly, curve nicely, tailor beautifully. Sponsored jointly with American Wool Council.

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HAT: MR. JOHN





The Slimwear girdle that does a heavy girdle's job, zippered (as shown) \$18.50; pull-on, \$16.50; split-hip with zipper, \$20.00. Mylar-boned Sta-Up Top.® Elastic: Lycra® spandex, DuPont Nylon. (Available in Canada, too.)

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a heavy girdle could before! The Whittler™ by Warner's®.**





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*Bateau pullover, about 29.00. V-neck cardigan, about 30.00. Silk chiffon skirt, about 35.00. Also coordinated in blush pink, mimosa yellow or black. At fine stores near you, or write to Bernhard Altmann, 100 W. 40th St., New York.*

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A woman is shown from the back, wearing a long, flowing pink dress with a ruffled hem. She is holding a large, dark, textured hat or parasol over her head with her right hand. She is wearing pink high-heeled shoes. The background is dark and moody, with a diagonal line of light across it.

This is the new way to dress,  
one glamorous scheme of color  
from the skin out. Our lingerie in  
fashion colors started it all.  
Now we've color-cued  
girdles and bras...  
miracles of function, fit, flattery...  
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Shown in our fabulous and  
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20 CARATS  
casts a spell of  
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Perfume by  
Dance

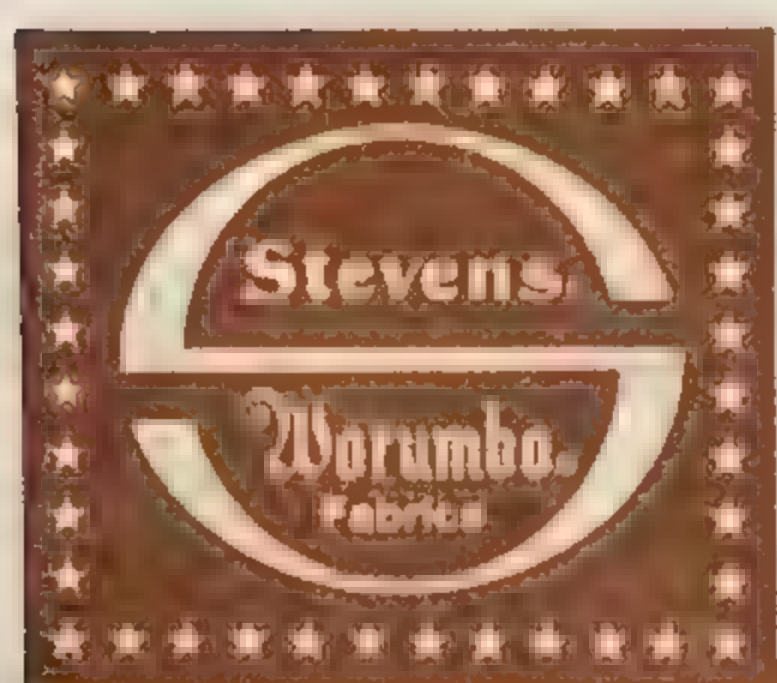








## Everybody looks up to the girl in the Worumbo woolen



... everything about her is so nice! This brushed bouclé coat, wool and mohair with a glisten of nylon, has elbow-deep pockets and a chin-up collar to frame her face, pretty as a picture. Glorious in cognac as shown—or green, pale pearl, red berry. Comes in sizes 6 to 16, \$125. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Martin's, Brooklyn; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.





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# "S"

LE NOUVEAU PARFUM

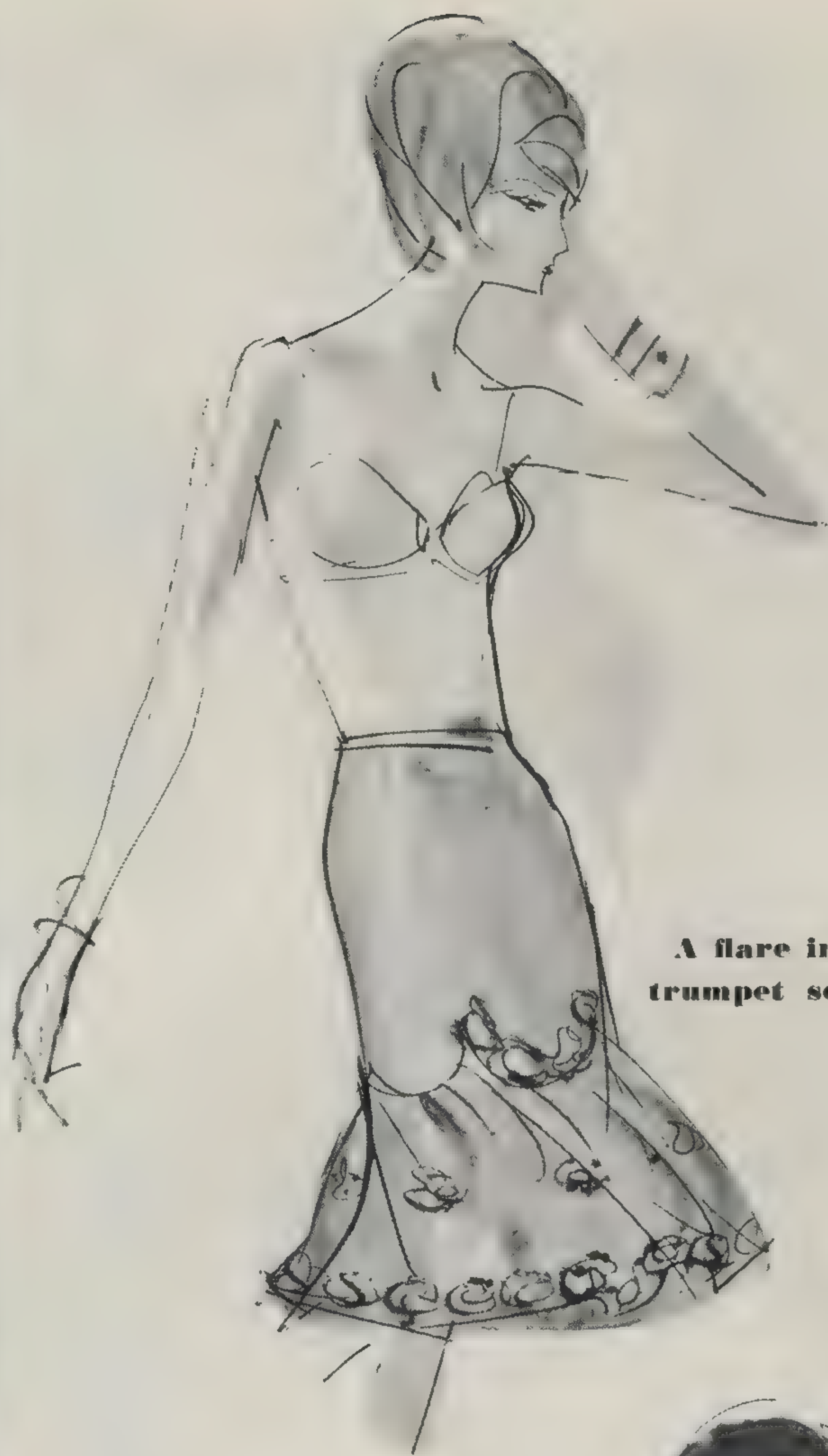


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A flare in the  
trumpet section

## Slips: what's on the move now

Two ways to underline this  
year's brisk, walkable,  
flared skirts: slips with  
just the right amount of  
buoyant out-goingness,  
both in beige—a good  
undercolour for autumn's  
pale-and-interesting clothes.  
*Above:* Nylon half-slip that  
plays second-trumpet to new,  
low-flaring skirts. In a warm  
cognac colour; hemmed with  
lace, with a scattering of  
embroidered asterisks on the  
flounce. By Kayser, of Du Pont  
nylon; \$9. Best & Co.  
*Right:* Beige slip that  
follows the new swing to  
more flare and less-lacy  
hems. By Yolande in nylon  
tricot; \$5. At Macy's.



The demi-flare

EVELYN MARCIL





**excitement  
runs  
deep  
in pile  
coats of  
ORLON®**

acrylic fiber

Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry



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*Excitement from ULLA—Antarctic tweed—high-spirited and high-falutin' in deep pile of 50% "Orlon"™ acrylic, 25% "Orlon Sayelle"™ acrylic, 25% modacrylic, backed by 100% cotton. It's untamed and totally terrific in warmth, in lightness, in every great big wonderful way. In magenta, tan or teal. 8-16. About \$90. Co-ordinated with gabardine ski pants and V-neck stretch pullover (outfit, about \$65) of worsted/Du Pont Nylon and turtleneck stretch pullover (about \$12) of textured Du Pont Nylon/silk. Pants, proportioned sizes 6 to 16. Pullovers, in S, M, L. Available at R. H. Stearns Co., Boston & Chestnut Hill; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Lord & Taylor, New York and all branches; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh.*

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Umpa

WORLD'S FINEST DARK RANCH MINK

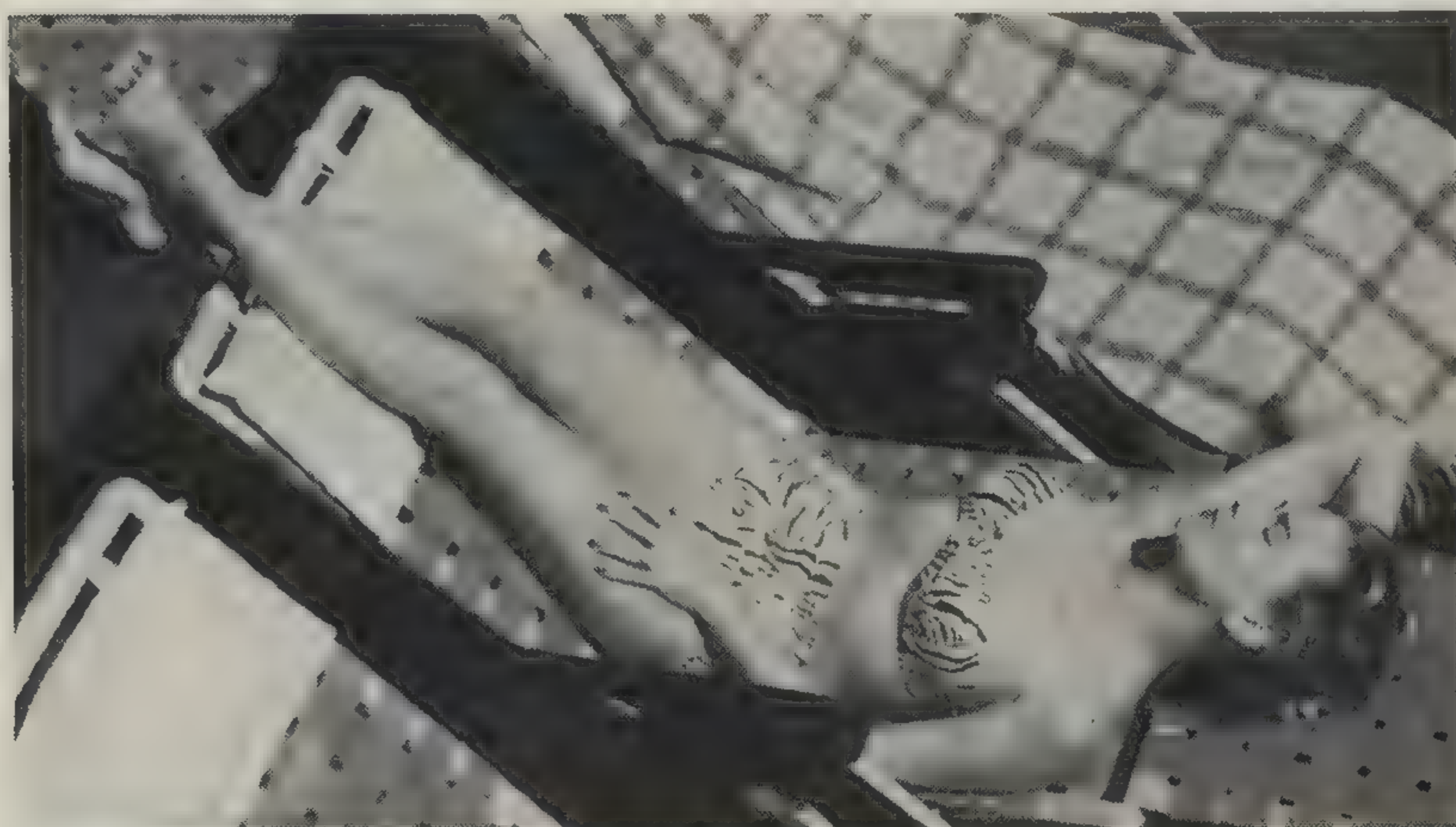


*For the first time, both the s.s. United States and the s.s. America will cruise to the West Indies. Send for free folder. Write U.S. Lines, 1 Broadway, New York 4, N.Y.*



**Mr. and Mrs. William Styron** of Roxbury, Conn., survey the ship from top deck. The s.s. United States is 5 city blocks long, 12 stories high! The Styrons' 3 children made this trip with them. Mr. Styron authored the best seller, "Set This House on Fire."

**Mr. Herbert Lanning**, of Fairfield, Connecticut, prominent New York antique dealer, is a frequent passenger. He is a connoisseur of wines: his favorites are in our wine lockers. You dine on specialties from 5 continents. For example, Kangaroo tail soup, Scotch grouse, South African fruit.



**Mrs. Benjamin Thau** of Beverly Hills, Calif., whose husband is studio manager for MGM. They say, "The s.s. United States is an elegant ship."

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pace to Europe  
on the fastest  
ship afloat

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Three blue-and-white toile sachets, stashed in a doll-sized hatbox. The fragrance in residence: Nuit de Longchamp, a fresh-air-and-flowers scent. Made in France by Lubin, and toile-boxed there for Bloomingdale's; \$5\*.

PAUL RADKAI



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### Pick your course

The first thing to do is decide where you want to go. A glance at the map above will show you the wonderful choices you have on P&O-Orient.

You can take a South Pacific holiday to Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia and back—a lovely way to escape winter up here—for anywhere from \$740 to \$2548.

If you want to follow the line on the map to Japan, Hong Kong and Manila, the round trip runs from just \$824 to \$2520.

Like a trip to Europe by way of the South Pacific or Orient, and then on around the



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world? Your fare, including transportation from England to the East Coast on any other steamship line, starts at just \$1233 tourist class!

You can also go the other way round if you want to explore Europe first.

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The next thing to do is decide which P&O-Orient liner you'd like to sail on.

P&O-Orient's two new superliners *Canberra* and *Oriana* offer travel in the grand manner. The *Arcadia*, *Orsova*, *Iberia*, *Himalaya*, *Orcades*, *Chusan* and *Oronsay* are somewhat smaller and have the feel of private yachts. If you can imagine a 30,000-ton private yacht with a crew of 600 British seamen!

### Should you go tourist or first class?

P&O-Orient offers fares to meet almost every budget.

Decide how much you want to spend and then pick either tourist or first class. In either class, you'll have a comfortable air-conditioned cabin, dances, movies, concerts, and swimming.

The main difference, if you go tourist, is that the cabins are a wee bit smaller, the life slightly more informal, and the crowd is younger.

### When to go

You can sail to any season you like on P&O-Orient—or follow your favorite weather around the world. For example:

**South Pacific:** November through April is *summer* in Australia and New Zealand. Spring starts in September. *Orcades* sails for the South Pacific in January, *Canberra* in February, *Oriana* in March.

**The Orient:** Autumn, early spring and summer are the best times for temple gazing and shopping. *Iberia* sails in March, *Chusan* in May, *Oronsay* in June and *Arcadia* in August.

### What to pack

A delightful part of travelling on P&O-Orient is the lack of worry about overweight baggage. Bring your entire wardrobe if you like. And there's no bother of constant packing and unpacking. Your ship is your home for the trip.

At sea, a cocktail dress is nice for parties. Dark suits are fine for men—dinner jackets are optional. Bring *lots* of sport clothes.

See your travel agent for details on visas, etc. He's a marvel at getting you organized. And he'll make out your ticket for you.



**This golden liner** sails for England by way of the sun-drenched South Pacific March 22.

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Strawberries Romanoff, page 17, "The Gourmet's Guide"

## The delightful *difference* is Cointreau!

Take this recipe, for example. It is Strawberries Romanoff, a delightful yet simple dessert. On page 17 of our "Gourmet's Guide" you find that the magic touch is your use of Cointreau Liqueur. Do write us for a free copy and look at the other 48 recipes for main dishes, desserts and drinks. Cordials by Cointreau—all 20 of them, will open up for you a new approach to entertaining. Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof, produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.





## THE PARADOXICAL PLEASURES OF MOROCCO

(Continued from page 43)

is due to the fact that each new Sultan built his own set of quarters. One of the former favourite's rooms has a frothy stucco ceiling, but the keyhole windows look onto crumbling walls—Scheherazade of long ago.

(Near the old city, there is the delightfully Oriental hotel with all the cachet of both worlds, Palais Jamaï, run by a Frenchman.)

### MARRAKECH:

*Berber dancers, tinkly music, finger-dipped food; a palmy, pink oasis.*

The drive from Fez to Marrakech is long and varied, but perfectly manageable in one day. The landscape changes from green to beige; the Berber villages, cubed and carved, appear like natural rock formations on the slopes of the Middle Atlas Mountains. Berber people wear gay colours, the women are unveiled and painted. Camels and donkeys, har-

nessed together, plough the fields. At Ifrane, high in the mountains, orange-roofed villas, chair lifts, and big hotels transport one to the *ambiance* of a Haute-Savoie ski resort. The Hôtel de Paris at Beni-Mellal has a French chef who serves a multi-course, excellent lunch.

Marrakech emerges like a rose *fata morgana*, an oasis backed by snow-tipped mountains. The immediate lure is the brash, aggressive square, Place Djemaa el Fna, once the local display case for the skewered heads of captives and criminals, now an unflagging circus of tumblers, fire-eaters, snake charmers, dancing boys, and lunatic-looking men who imitate nightingales and cock crows, then ask, somewhat too frequently, for money.

Reed-roofed *souks* in the *medina* sell everything. Skeins of yellow, red, blue, and green wool wave like beaded curtains

across narrow passages. Even at night, the walled city is gay with cyclists, and there are several entertaining night places for dining. One, a former palace, Ksar el Hamra, revolves around an open garden where Berber dancers, jingling ankle bracelets and twanging slim pink mandolins, perform about a fountain. It is all very pleasant, tinkly, and monotonous to watch from the soft corner couches as one finger-dips the food: lamb with raisins and honey, beef with almonds and tomatoes, chicken with olives and lemons.

Everything in Marrakech seems lucid, fresh, open: the Bahia Palace, the Saadien tombs, the Médersa Ben Youssef, the Koutoubia Minaret—a copy of which is known in Seville as La Giralda.

Hotels are splendid, especially the durable Mamounia where one half expects to see Sir Winston Churchill painting in the

jungly gardens. (Double rooms, about eight dollars a day.)

### CASABLANCA:

*a bone-white beauty on scudding seas.*

Casablanca—white, sprawling, sporadically interesting—is about a three-hour drive from Marrakech. Wonderfully placed on the Atlantic, its long *corniche* is filled with restaurants overlooking the beaches. At La Mer, a smart, attractive place perched on the rocks, one eats lobster with bottles of chilled Moroccan wine, the white Valpierre, or the rosé Chaudsoleil.

The Hotel Mansour is well known, and at the newer, marbled Marhaba, one might imagine Ingrid Bergman sipping a *Pastis* at the bar. Planes fly into *Casa* from everywhere, as they do in Tangier. Air France and Air Maroc Caravelles take a mere three hours from Paris, cost, tourist class, \$165.50 return.

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Handsome brass chafing dish, for serving fondue. It has a pan to hold Sterno, 4 stainless steel forks with long wood handles, that can be stored inside. Over-all height, 12". \$40.75 ppd. McCutcheon's, 16 East 52nd St., New York 22.



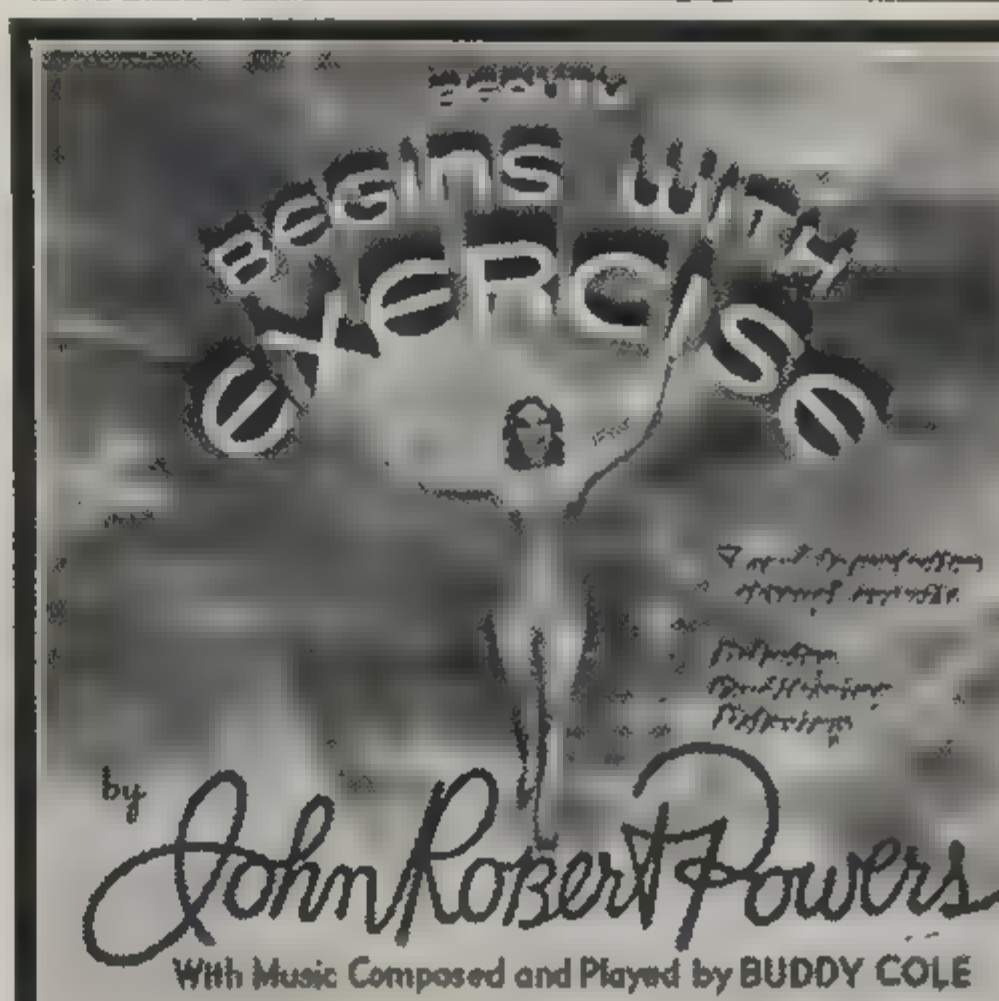
Pyjama eater: a tiger's head of fuzzy yellow-and-black rayon plush, with felt features, white ears, a nose that squeaks. Pyjamas are fed to it by unzipping the mouth. 15" diameter. By Eden Toys, \$3.30 ppd. Altman's, 316 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



The new soft shoe: a Peter Pan boot of crushy glove-tanned leather. It's insoled in leather, inner-soled with foam; folds flat for packing. White, red, black, or natural; most sizes. By Ho-Gans, \$6.95 tax inc., ppd. Cecil Carnes, Aptos Beach Golf Club, Aptos, California.



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Jacket for a telephone directory: red furry calf, stencilled with black markings. Back and binding of black grosgrain. Also in white and black. By Karl Springler, \$23 inc. tax, ppd. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St., New York 19.

Mink-brown stretch gloves palmed with leather—we see them getting around with a pale-grey country coat. The accommodating cabled backs are wool; one size fits 6 to 7½. \$7.95 ppd. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Northport, New York.

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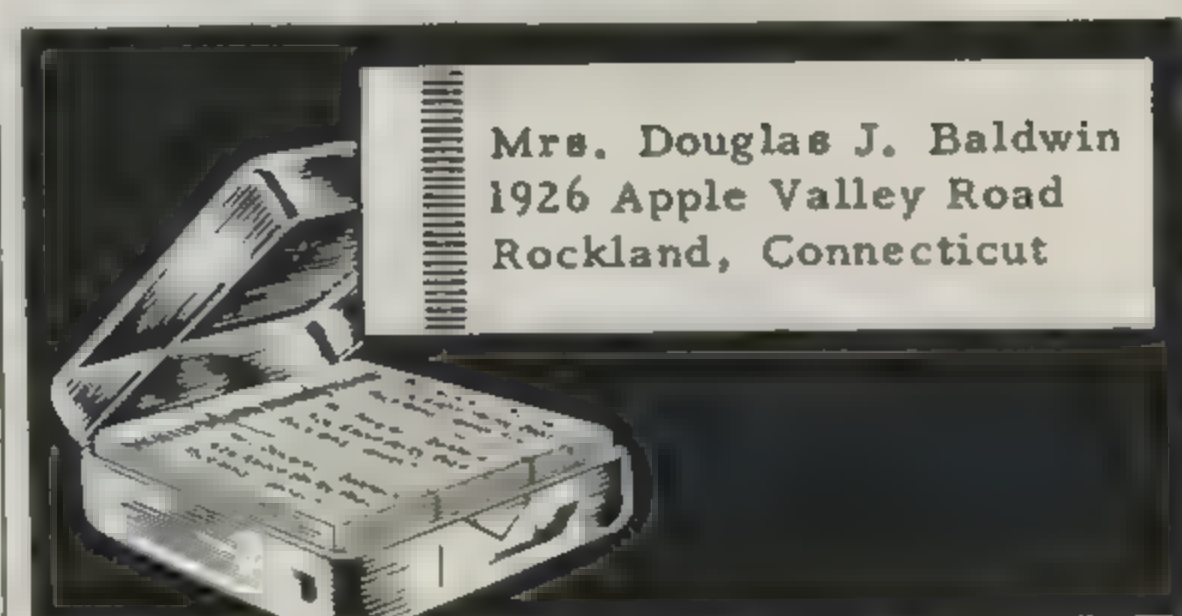
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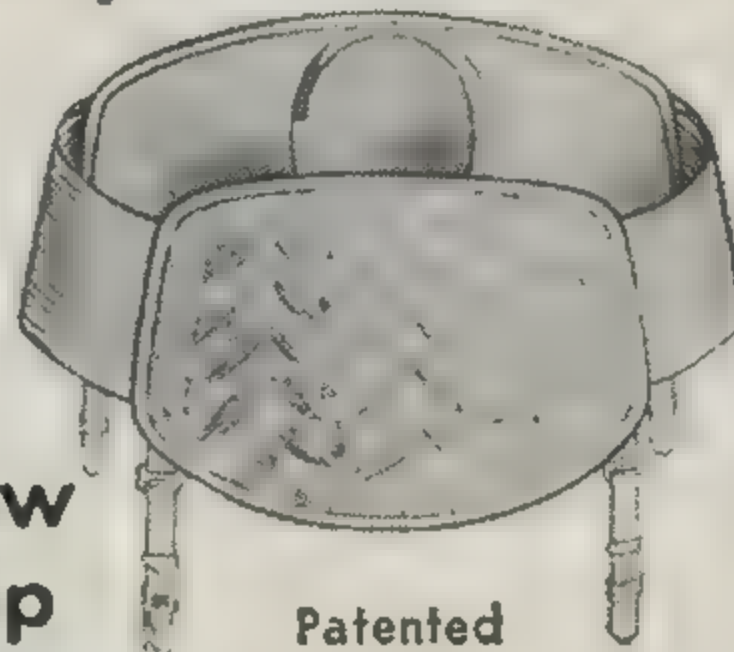
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**VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:****HOW OLD IS A SMILE?**

This particular smile is about 1200 years old. It belongs to one of a group of Mexican clay figurines about which very little is known—except this: they are among the few ancient sculptures that show the human face smiling, even laughing. It's not the enigmatic "ancient smile" (really a half-smile) of Greek or early Christian sculpture, but a natural, delighted grin of pure glee—imperishably fresh and charming. What was so funny in 700 A.D.? We'll never know. There wasn't any threatening nuclear cloud—but there was war, famine, pestilence. Eventually, one or all of these obliterated the people and the culture that produced this little head. But the smile remains.

"Smiling Head," Mexican clay Remojadas figure of about 700 A.D.; from the current exhibition, "Art of Ancient Mexico," at the Museum of Primitive Art, New York City, through November 19. Photograph by Charles Uhl.








# *Untapped fashion excitements*

Probable state of your clothes-life now: you've cased the collections, French and American, made some major clothes-decisions on the basis of them, and your shopping list at this point rather resembles a half-solved crossword puzzle—lots of hard parts filled in, and a scatter of surprise clingers remaining (it isn't that you haven't hit on a good coat-idea; but you haven't—till page 120—come upon the leather coat that's a city coat, and bitter-chocolate brown). Just as likely: you're quite nicely filled in around the edges, saving the big moves for last—you already own a little quoit of mink; what's wanted now is something really devastating to loop it over—such as the white satin cardigan suit on page 102. Or, possibly, you're the woman who's surveyed the current fashion scene, and been heard to murmur—in a clothes kind of way—they're-writing-songs-of-love-but-not-for-me; could be you're the small woman who adores those huge pouffy berets, have only been waiting for one that's scaled down a bit—like the de-pouffed opossum beret on page 83, the lamé at left. Not that this is an issue for fashion-malcontents; it's entirely possible that your clothes-life as of 10/15/61 is on the rich, full side, that your shopping list contains only one stipulation. Namely, on-the-spot fashion excitement—a condition that could be met simply by looking directly left or flicking the page to the first case of velveteen as a day-to-day suit-sensation.

*Left:* New and wonderful kind of evening suit. Dress and jacket in leopard-spotted linen-and-silk brocade, woven with gilt threads; a quoit of black-dyed mink on the neckline. By Rivero y Mojena. Shoes and suit, both at Saks Fifth Avenue. The gold lamé beret, by Emme.







NEW LIFE AND TIMES OF THE SUIT THAT'S

# *velveteen*

Could be you've found your look this season and still not found this: velveteen suits, tailored like daily tweed, geared to go from the crack of noon. (One reason you may have missed it: this kind of day-to-day tailoring is new in the velveteen-life this year.)

*Left:* Daily velveteen—red, with thick black-on-black silk upholstery on the lapels, buttons, pocket-tops. The wonderful way to wear it: with licorice-black gloves, red velvet beret.

The right time to wear it: lunch—and on (velveteen suits get an earlier start now, but they still hold the theatre-suit franchise). Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's.

*Right:* Black velveteen, with a brass-buttoned pea-jacket lined in brilliant blue silk. In the same silk, a long, fitted and belted overblouse. De Pinna; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.

Both suits, by Ben Zuckerman. Emme velvet berets.





*Agnes*









# Chanel *suit-Fords*

READY ACROSS THE U.S.A.

Not mere arbitrary fashion, these are four suit-Fords from Chanel's new collection, designed, as all her clothes are, to manage with elegance and ease the details of contemporary living. A marvellous collection, it is marked by these new Chanelisms: exuberant colours, pungent as raspberry or pastel as Debussy; more important collars; higher, narrowed armholes; some jackets, not by any means all, brought closer to the body; skirts unsuperfluous but limber; more intricate braiding and buttons; more variety in fabrics; younger looks for women of all ages. And notarizing the suits, coats, dresses is Chanel's jewellery signature; this year, big bar pins and long rhinestone-nutted gilt chains.

Before this collection, in fact, before all collections, 21 rue Cambon is a crystal-chandeliered torture chamber dedicated to the perfected ease of Chanel's elegant clothes. "The secret of elegance is ease," she insists, and exacts it relentlessly from her own genius, her fitters, her sewers, and anyone attached to the atelier. Watching her work is as good as catching Callas in rehearsal. A cigarette hangs between Chanel's lips, she wears a slouch-brimmed hat; scissors slung on a white grosgrain ribbon around her neck; the famed and fabulous jewels are not put aside for work—a magnificent ring identifies the feared right hand of Chanel the Ripper. Chanel neither sketches nor sews. She works live on the mannequin—rip, rip, rip, again and again until the thing is perfect, until the shoulder has that uniquely feminine shape—one of the distinguishing factors that makes tailoring for women different from tailoring for men. Between explaining and complaining she mutters constantly—"This is the last collection I'll ever do; I can't be bothered." She has been saying this for years. Right up to the instant that a collection is shown, she is resetting seams with pins. After demolishing a fitter with criticism, Chanel swats the girl's *derrière*, saying, "That's a good girl, now run along and see what you can do." The entire staff's respect for "Mademoiselle" is indestructible. (*More, next page*)

*Left:* A Chanel classicist with this news—a narrower-sleeved cardigan and braiding nuances; in an unexpected colour trio of raspberry and pink plaid margined in navy blue and raspberry. Gilt medallion—Chanel hangs it to the side—and chain are nutted with rhinestones. Original photographed in Paris; copy by Davidow at Lord & Taylor.

The American copies of the Chanel suits on this page and the two following are also at Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin, plus shops on page 147. Coiffure by Guillaume.





## NEW CHANEL-FORDS

*Above:* Pastel pink and blue treated in the worldliest possible way, not a breath of coyness about them; pale-blue stripes on blue wool in a boyish little suit with a pink silk taffeta blouse. The bar pin—Chanel has done several jewelled variations on these—is a twist of gilded metal around a plump pearl. Suit copied in America by Davidow, at Bonwit Teller.

*Below:* Navy-blue ribbed wool suit with a kind of Flemish neatness and purity; a little loose jacket with brass buttons and—revived—the idea of a starched white batiste collar, this one with a crisp white bow. The suit is copied in America by Davidow, at De Pinna.

*Right:* Black and white Chanel definitive, a black wool suit with the cardigan stripped down to the famous Chanel marrow, no braid, no ribbon, just a superb small stand-up collar and white satin lining, a slender skirt, and white satin overblouse. Chanelism, extra long gilt chain pitted with rhinestones. Suit copied in America by Davidow, at Lord & Taylor.

The American copies of the Chanel suits on these and the preceding page are also at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Joseph Horne; B. Forman; L. S. Ayres; Woolf Brothers; Montaldo's, plus shops: page 147. Guillaume coiffures.











SUIT FIGURES MADE BY

## *tweeds*

For the woman who simply marks time until a really knockout tweed comes along, two worth waiting for; each, in its way, quite cosy through the waist.

*Left:* Bias of black-and-white tweed; the jacket—no shirt was ever more superbly nonchalant—tied with a cord of leather. The right-hat move to make here: a silver fox beret, worn askance. Suit, of wool and viscose. At Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

*Right:* Really fitted suit in dark-grey tweed, with a charming width of neckline, a reasonable amount of fullness in the skirt. Of Anglo wool. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Both suits, these pages, by Ben Zuckerman. Both fur berets are by Sally Victor.










## The gold-pencil dress

**G**old and brown hound's-tooth brocade, the fabric flashing, the dress itself spare and precise as a gold pencil.\* Another sharpened fashion point: the gold lamé beret. Dress of acetate-and-silk woven with metallic threads, by Herbert Sondheim, about \$145, at Bergdorf Goodman; L. S. Ayres; Joseph Magnin. \*Other gold pencils on the scene, filled with thinner lipsticks (details, page 44).





Persian medallions blazing in bronze, orange, and black brocade, another of the little evening dresses that clinch brilliant opposites—ornamental fabrics and marrow-simple shapes. This, a collarless shirt dress with a thin brocade-cord belt; the cord repeated in the buttons. By Hannah Troy, about \$145, of silk and Mylar (Onondaga fabric). Dress and earrings at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also Dayton's; I. Magnin.





## BEAUTY UNDER WRAPS

Brown and white impact—terrific. Balmain's brown faille dress has a white satin midriff edged with black passementerie. The back-drop is a long, long stole of strange blue satin. In America at Bergdorf Goodman. Tussy Autumn Rose lipstick. Guillaume coiffures.





A look and a half in the Paris collections—here in a ravishing stoled satin evening dress by Nina Ricci. The stole, embroidered with gold beading, starts at one side of the long narrow dress, goes on and on...wrapped like a sari. Gold Hurel satin, of Orlon and silk.







# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Ralph McGill of the *Atlanta Constitution*, a Georgia newspaper, and the column he wrote about the superb work of Police Chief Herbert Jenkins (originally from rural Georgia), when the desegregated schools of Atlanta opened, *quietly*; a police sergeant said: "It's the Chief . . . He saw to it we studied what happened at Little Rock, New Orleans, Birmingham, Anniston, and Montgomery . . . We each had to write 300 words of evaluation on it . . . You reckon there is another police force in the nation where the officers have to write themes? . . . We got a new pride in our town." . . . The tattooing wit in the new revue, *From The Second City*, political, funny, psychiatric, and improvised—especially the touching twists of Severn Darden, Howard Alk, and Mina Kolb, whose names sound like a Perelman parody. . . . The brilliance of the Robert Rossen movie, *The Hustler*, which catches without cheap tricks the world of bus stations and poolrooms, with Jackie Gleason implacable as the man to beat ("This pool game ends when Minnesota Fats says it ends"), and Paul Newman as Fast Eddie who learns that the difference between a winner and a loser is not talent but character.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new movie, *Back Street*, from a story that put Fannie Hurst on the creamy part of the 1931 best-seller list, and gave women a long-playing weep, back now in colour with Susan Hayward as the ravishingly turned-out martyr living in a dreamy Italian beach house or an exquisite French *folie*, a Back Street too deliciously inviting. . . . These three restaurants: the new key club for women in Chicago, My Lady Fair, where waiters deliver checks that men customers, if they insist, are free to pick up; the old Hole in the Wall in Bath, England, where one can lunch on the special hors d'oeuvres under a plaque that reads "Kissing don't last; cookery do"; Xochitl, a New York restaurant with good Mexican food and this sign in its window—Avoid Fallout—Eat Tortillas.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fine, solid biography, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* by Mark Schorer, who saw in Lewis that familiar American pattern, the young success whose promise never fully matures; in 1951, suffering from acute delirium tremens, Lewis died in an obscure clinic near Rome, where, wrote Schorer, "had he been clear in his mind during the ten days that he lay there, he would have wondered why he was lying outside Roman walls instead of within the 'fortress of reality,' a term he once applied to the raw town of St. Paul. His twenty-two novels, after all, had been a long procession all directed toward one discovery, the 'reality' of America. This aim was his inheritance as a novelist who was formed in the second decade of this century. . . . For Sinclair Lewis, America was always promises, and that was why, in 1950, he could say that he loved it but did not like it, for it was still only promises that nearly everyone else had long ago given up."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The dazzling look of the movie *West Side Story*, with Central Park a spread of green that fills the entire screen, the Corning Glass Building a mint-green splinter, and the West Side a lovely tracery of fire escapes; all of it, pleasantly bearing approximately as much resemblance to life on the West Side as *Showboat* bears to life on the Mississippi River. . . . Martha Schlamme, who was a late-night hit at the Edinburgh Festival—a pretty girl who sings political, gay, heartbreaking songs as though obsessed with a melancholy that only her loving audiences can assuage—and they do.

**AUDREY HEPBURN**, whose immense enchanting eyes have the effect of making half the audience feel slightly in love and the other half feel a vague impulse to write out checks for war relief or the Fresh Air Fund, emerges improbably in the movie *Breakfast at Tiffany's* as Truman Capote's Holly Golightly: a girl who called El Morocco Elmer's, lived on other people's expense accounts, and thought, like Becky Sharp, that she could be a good woman if she had so much a year. In Miss Hepburn's hands, Holly Golightly remains an incorrigible innocent; she is Gigi at "21," Rima the Bird Girl on East 71st Street. A movie with the glossy colour and bland script of a travelogue, *Breakfast* is memorable mostly as a showpiece for Miss Hepburn. From the moment she appears, wearing an extravagantly silly evening dress and eating a bagel in front of Tiffany's at dawn, until the last frame when, dripping wet, she looks for her cat in Spanish Harlem, she is the child-woman who, in effect, forever sings that non-torch song, "How Long Has This Been Going On?" (Capote's Holly would have known, but that's another story.)





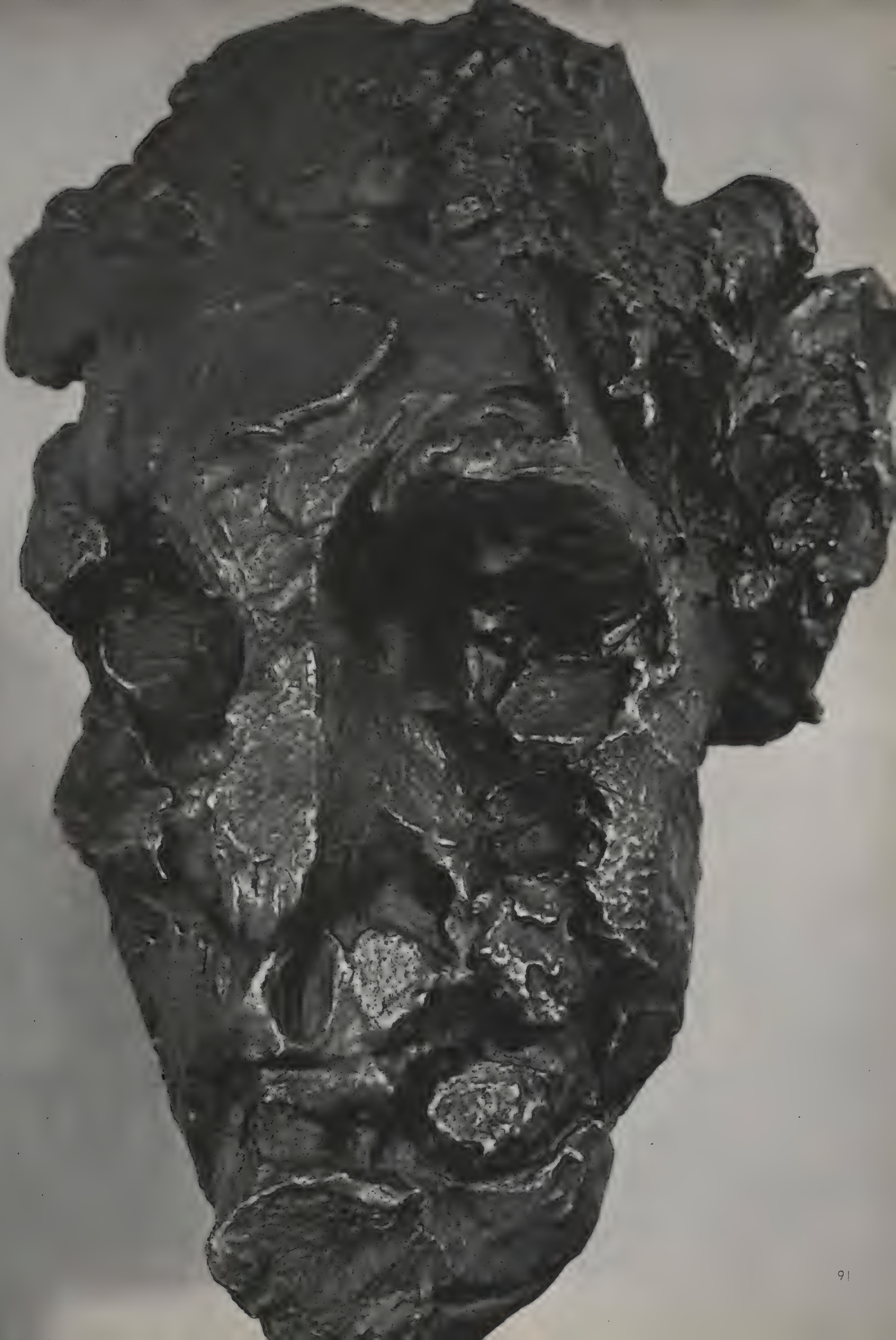
OWNED BY THE ARTIST

"At Five in the Afternoon,"  
1949. By Robert Motherwell

TWO GREAT AMERICAN ARTISTS in the sixth International Bienal at São Paulo, Brazil, both with large one-man shows there. (Governments sponsored and chose all the works of art except for the American ones—they are sponsored and chosen by the International Council of The Museum of Modern Art in New York.) Monumental in effect but small in size, this black and white painting is part of the Robert Motherwell continuing series, Spanish Elegies—fierce, dominating blacks and lesser whites. Motherwell belongs to the small clutch of New York abstractionists. So does Reuben Nakian. Much of his later work is far more abstract than this powerful head of Duchamp—especially his recent metals, his extravaganza of drawings. Any Nakian shows elegance, movement, and a true tactile sensuousness.

Bronze head of  
Marcel Duchamp, 1943.  
By Reuben Nakian







# “Living like

I was not in Jamaica as a tourist. I went to study local conditions: bauxite mines and sugar estates, communism and the race problem. In the evenings I went to parties which often turned into discussions of the Jamaican situation and on one occasion ended in violence. Every night I wrote up my diary and read booklets like *Economic Survey Jamaica 1959* and *Study of Migration Affecting Jamaica 1953-55*.

Then one evening Dr. Lewis, the Principal of the University College, said, “I have an indirect invitation for you. From Grainger Weston. He owns a place on the North Coast called Frenchman’s Cove and wants to offer hospitality to someone connected with the arts. Would you like to go?”

I very much wanted to go. I had heard about Frenchman’s Cove almost as soon as I had got to Jamaica. In a land of expensive hotels—thirteen guineas or \$38 a day with meals for a cramped double room in Kingston, the unlovely capital, and up to twenty pounds and more on the North Coast—Frenchman’s Cove was said to be the most expensive. No one was sure just how expensive. Some said two thousand American dollars for a couple for a fortnight; some said two thousand five hundred; some said it was that for one person. Lunch cost five guineas, dinner nine. Even so, one Jamaican told me with almost proprietorial pride, you were turned away if it was found that you weren’t in the New York Social Register.

It seemed, however, that once you had been accepted, your every request was granted and you didn’t pay a penny extra. You could order exactly what you wanted to eat (“caviar for breakfast”); you could drink as much as you wanted (“champagne every hour”); you could take boat trips and air trips around the island; motorcars were at your disposal, horses, rafts; you could telephone any part of the world. You could even leave Frenchman’s Cove, if you didn’t like it, and stay at a hotel of your choice: Frenchman’s paid.

For days after the Principal had spoken to me I heard nothing. A post office strike, one eruption of the unrest I had come to study, was followed by a strike of government subordinate workers. I was resignedly preparing to study the problems of tourism in Jamaica when the strikes ended and Mr. Weston’s invitation came. It was signed by a secretary. My time was short; I telephoned. Mr. Weston was not available. I spoke to the secretary, we fixed a day, and I posted off the rest of my booklets to London, including *Distribution of Tourist Expenditure in Jamaica 1958*.

My wife and I left Kingston at ten in the morning, taking the mountain road to the North Coast and then driving east. This part of the coast is not greatly developed; hotels

do not screen the sea. The sand is in places greyish, acceptable by the standards of England but disregarded locally. (There are increasing complaints that hotels have bought up all the white sand beaches, leaving only black sand for Jamaicans: a neat symbol of the resentments tourism is exciting.) The road is narrow and winding, not like the tourist road that runs west from Ocho Rios to Montego Bay, which is wide, smooth, reasonably straight, and lined with hotel signs, real estate signs, and signs reminding motorists to drive on the left. We drove past broken-down villages, the unremarkable rural slums of the tropics, decay in lushness: pink-distempered shacks of broken boards and rusting corrugated iron, dingy cafés stocked with aerated water, yellow cakes, and patent medicines, and made bright with enamelled advertisements for soft drinks. We came into Port Antonio, a banana port which is seldom busy and has ceased to grow. Then bush and black sand began once more. It was hard to think of this as a setting for luxury, a hide-out for millionaires.

Presently we found ourselves driving beside a long stone wall. Separate letters attached to the wall spelled out FRENCHMAN’S COVE. We turned into the wide drive. The vegetation here was abruptly ordered and open. Beyond the asphalted area, neat gravelled paths led up gentle inclines and disappeared. The grounds were quiet. There were two sport cars—one red, one cream—below the concrete canopy of the lodge, a low stone-and-glass building with clean, straight lines. More cars were parked neatly in the sun.

I looked with interest and apprehension for millionaires and people listed in the New York Social Register. I saw no one. The stillness was unsettling to me, but our driver behaved as if he drove up to Frenchman’s Cove every day. He drove right under the canopy, came to a stop outside the glass entrance to the lodge, jumped out, and opened doors and boot with a decisiveness and noise for which I was grateful. As if sensing our hesitation and wishing to put an end to it, he put our luggage firmly on the ground. I felt unsuitably dressed. I was wearing dark glasses, a sports shirt, sandals, and carrying a ridiculously elegant purpleheart walking stick, a souvenir of British Guiana which couldn’t fit into any of my suitcases.

A young Jamaican woman came out of the lodge. I gave my name, holding my stick behind me. She said calmly, “Welcome to Frenchman’s Cove” (I recognized the voice on the telephone) and gave me a letter. Thereafter things happened quickly. Our driver was sent away. A Jamaican in black trousers, white shirt, and a black bow tie put our luggage on a small white electric car; we sat down and, with



# a millionaire"

by V. S. NAIPAUL

our luggage and ourselves quite exposed, drove out from under the canopy into the sunlight and up the narrow gravelled path, past a light-green shadowed pool, then up an incline between trees. We had a glimpse of the beach: a break in the coral cliff, the water blue shading into green and almost colourless where it touched the white sand. Black canvas chairs stood in the shade of almond trees; but the beach was deserted. Climbing higher, we drove at the edge of a lawn planted with young coconut palms, then up a sharp incline arched by more trees, until we came to a house. "This is your cottage," the driver said. Throughout the drive we had seen no one.

Our cottage was a complex of two grey stone cottages and a stone-and-glass house, set at different levels. The cottages were on either side of the steps, the house at the top. The stone was hand-cut, the blocks of varying sizes, the mortar deeply recessed. The black door of the house opened and a middle-aged Jamaican woman in spectacles, pink dress, and a small white apron smiled at us.

We went up and found ourselves in a large high room almost at the edge of a cliff. The wall overlooking the sea was of glass. The terrace was set in the coral, which looked like foam rubber.

"You will like it here," the housekeeper said.

I took in the furnishings at a glance: the low, plain, inviting chairs and sofa set on three sides of an Indian carpet with an un-Indian design, the tall lamps with pottery bases and large linen shades, the glass table spread with magazines and books (*The Power Elite* among them). It was familiar because ideal: one had known it from the magazines. Because ideal, it was a little separate from reality. The unexpected setting made the separation complete. Beyond the glass wall and rising, it seemed, out of the grey coral, were the almond trees, most artificial-looking of tropical trees, with round green and copper leaves set symmetrically on horizontal branches. Between the leaves one saw the high irregular cliffs, the blue sky, the limpid blue-and-green sea.

From disordered bush along the winding Jamaican road to a drive in a comic white car through silent, deserted, landscaped grounds to a stone-and-glass house with a view of the sea below: the change was too sudden, almost magical. Yielding to the serenity, I had not thought it strange that although moments ago it was warm, it was now cool, and although the sea below was restless, it made no sound. Now I saw that the house was completely enclosed and air-conditioned.

The housekeeper led my wife to the upper level of the

house. I read the letter the secretary in the lodge had given me. It welcomed me formally, told me how I could get what I wanted, asked me not to tip, and gave the name of our housekeeper. Then I took up the Visitors' Book. Among its few names I saw Rockefeller and Diefenbaker. I put the book down carefully.

"You will like it here," the housekeeper, Mrs. Williams, repeated as she came back. "It is Mr. Weston's favourite cottage. He used to live here himself."

I felt an acute need to see Mr. Weston, whose voice I had never heard, whose signature I didn't know.

"And that," Mrs. Williams said, "is the telephone." I knew that this was the Aladdin's lamp of Frenchman's Cove, the instrument about whose powers ("champagne every hour") all Jamaica knew. "Anything you want," Mrs. Williams said, "you just take up the telephone and ask for."

The telephone was grey, of a design I had never seen. It stood upright on a round base.

"Suppose," I said, "I wanted champagne?"

"Anything," she said. "Mr. Weston wants his guests to enjoy themselves. The people before you, you should see them drink! These American can drink! You would like the champagne now?"

I needed something stronger. "A little brandy? Whisky?"

"Just telephone the bar."

I hesitated.

Mrs. Williams was amused. "You're bashful." She took up the grey telephone, dialled briefly and said, "This is Stokes Hall. My guests would like a bottle of whisky, a bottle of brandy and some sodas."

The telephone squawked. Mrs. Williams handed it to me. "Hello," I said.

"What sort of brandy, sir?" a male voice asked.

My response was automatic: I spoke the words of a well-known advertisement.

"Dudley is a good boy," Mrs. Williams said.

I was relieved that the man on the telephone had a name.

There was a knock at the door and Mrs. Williams let in a European of indeterminate nationality who was dressed like a chef.

"Morning, sir. Morning, madam." His accent was puzzlingly neutral. "And what would you like for lunch?" He pulled out pad and pencil.

He caught me by surprise. I keep on forgetting that I don't eat meat, and now I was reminded of those occasions when I have had to eat through mounds of grated cheese given scale by whole tomatoes. (Continued on page 144)







**BROADTAIL WITH A NEW FITTED SHAPE**—*left*, this coat's waistline is unbulked as a dress's, the three-quarter sleeves narrowed, the skirt skinned on the bias. Fitted, in another sense—for days and evenings in town, but not for country. Emme's hat. Coat of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb, by Ritter Bros., at Sakowitz; Bullock's-Wilshire; Holt Renfrew of Canada. **MINK WITH ITS COLLAR OFF**—*below*, relaxed and certain over beaded satin or nubbed wool tweeds; just a roll of fur about the neck; the rest, three-quarter's length of classic mink Chesterfield with deep patch pockets. Emme hat, a velours toque, with a woollen band that hugs the ears. Coat of Canada Majestic Dark Mink by Fredrica at Halle Bros.; Hudson's; Harold's.









# *Mrs. William McCormick Blair, junior*

The recent bride of the  
U.S. Ambassador to Denmark:  
what she chose  
from the Paris Collections

Mrs. Blair is a charming and very new representative of America abroad—she was married a little over a month ago to Mr. William McCormick Blair, junior, U.S. Ambassador to Denmark. (The wedding took place on September ninth in the chapel of Frederiksborg Castle, near Copenhagen.) A tall, slender young woman with hazel eyes and a direct, unfeigned friendliness, she is the former Miss Catherine Gerlach, of Chicago, nicknamed “Deeda.” Not long before the wedding, she spent a few days in Paris to choose some additions to her trousseau—her choices, shown on these four pages. (Setting: the Forest of St. Cloud, outside Paris, once a royal hunting preserve.)  
*Left:* Mrs. Blair in Givenchy’s evening costume of lemon-yellow silk gabardine; sleeveless overblouse, lilac embroidery.  
*Below:* Mrs. Blair’s Balenciaga suit of beige Harris tweed, belted in beige leather. With it, she wears a cyclamen toque.







## *Mrs. Blair* continued

For her September wedding in Denmark, Mrs. Blair, the former Miss Catherine Gerlach, wore a pale-blue dress by Balenciaga, and an ethereal headdress of pale-blue veiling and blue flowers made for her by Givenchy. Mrs. Blair likes French clothes because "they're built so you don't have to worry about them; there's no fussing about what to wear with them to make them look chic." This suits her to a T, as she likes her clothes-life to be as simple and uncluttered as possible. She seldom wears jewellery, likes small handbags, and wears a small, inconspicuous, back-of-the-head hat, when she wears a hat at all. (As an Ambassador's wife, she now wears one oftener.) She adores white and clear bright yellow; likes fabrics with some body to them—brocades, ottomans—better than soft, clinging ones. Here, more of her Paris clothes-choices.

*Left, above:* For her trousseau, Mrs. Blair bought several of the black late-day dresses newly revived in Paris. Here, Balenciaga's thin wool two-piece dress, back-buttoned.

*Left, below:* At Givenchy, Mrs. Blair chose this dark-grey-and-black checked wool two-piece dress with a suggestion of cap sleeves, belted with a narrow black leather cord.

*Facing page:* Mrs. Blair in Givenchy's pale-green wool redingote with the standaway collar she likes in almost all her clothes. With it, a back-of-the-head beret of brown mink.













## *Young and beautiful— and more*

*Left:* Miss Mary O. C. Cushing has grave, gentle dark eyes and a beauty extraordinarily regal for such a young woman. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Cushing, she made her début this August in Newport, will spend part of the winter, with her parents in New York, studying art. After Christmas she will go to the Sorbonne in Paris. She is shown here wearing a startlingly effective hood stole of white mink lined with more white mink, over a narrow embroidered white dress. This is one in a series of evening dresses with their own covers, by Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue, which will be shown at the Hope Ball, on October 17, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to benefit the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation of the New York University Medical Center.

*Right:* Miss Daphne du Pont has in rare combination a tender, clearly young beauty and a quick sense of fashion. The daughter of Mrs. Bernard Peyton of New York and Mr. Eugene du Pont III of South Carolina, Miss du Pont graduated this year from Foxcroft, made her début in Wilmington, Delaware, last month; is now at Bryn Mawr. Here, she wears, unornamented, a long narrow stream of black silk crêpe with one bare shoulder. By Norman Norell, at Lord & Taylor.

**Miss Daphne du Pont**

**Miss Mary O. C. Cushing**







## Satin—new on the scene

The reviving idea here, the new-again gleam of satin-flattery in the evening. *Left:* Two of the most delicious things a dinner suit could be, this dress-and-jacket is: white silk satin; the jacket shaped like a lopped-off mandarin coat, and lined in lilac. By Burke-Amey. De Pinna; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Hattie Carnegie hat. *Right:* Short-sleeved, day-length black satin coat to wear everywhere after six o'clock; curved-out shoulders, arched yoke. Adapted in satin from one of the wool coat successes in the Balenciaga collection. About \$185. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Sally Victor hat. Kislav gloves.







# Car notes— talk for the road

The upholstery of the new Buicks that has passed a fur-abrasion test, won't clip off precious guard-hairs of fur coats when they slide in and out. . . . The *fin* of fins: the story going the rounds in Detroit about the car dealer who found so much sales resistance to one super-extravagantly finned model that he had a welder de-fin the fenders, whereupon the cars promptly sold. . . . The growth of car trunks, some so big now that several children could comfortably sleep in them.

The new Diehlmobile, a sort of car in the tadpole stage, that the owner can assemble in a few minutes, using a fifty-cent piece as a screw driver; these three-wheelers have room for two adults, a removable top with ball fringe, a top speed of 18 mph. . . . The 1936 Ford limousine seen around New York, unchromedly black except for one discreet maroon stripe, and kept in beautiful condition, complete with liveried chauffeur.

The slow-growing awareness, based on compelling statistics of the National Safety Council, that seat belts in cars make good sense; a women's committee is crusading now to make them standard equipment. . . . The almost-human sigh of the Citroën when it comes to rest, the equally human grab these cars make at the precipitous mediaeval roads of France. . . . The recording of *The Grand Prix of the United States: 1960*, that narrates the race, with background noises of whoosh, zoom, tire-scream.

Unique car-treasures, stumbled upon occasionally by private car collectors: the Rolls-Royce chassis—a vintage 1921 Silver Ghost, never driven—discovered in a carriage house in England during settlement of an estate; this, after much bidding, was acquired by Jack Frost of Detroit. . . . The complete new parts of a 1930 Bugatti #46, which had been crated and buried in France for safekeeping, during the German occupation, by Ettore Bugatti, since he considered this car his masterpiece. These parts were later exhumed and, after Bugatti's death, sold to Karl Kleve of Cincinnati; when assembled, this car will be the only one of its kind—possibly the only “collectors' classic” of any kind—known to be in mint condition.

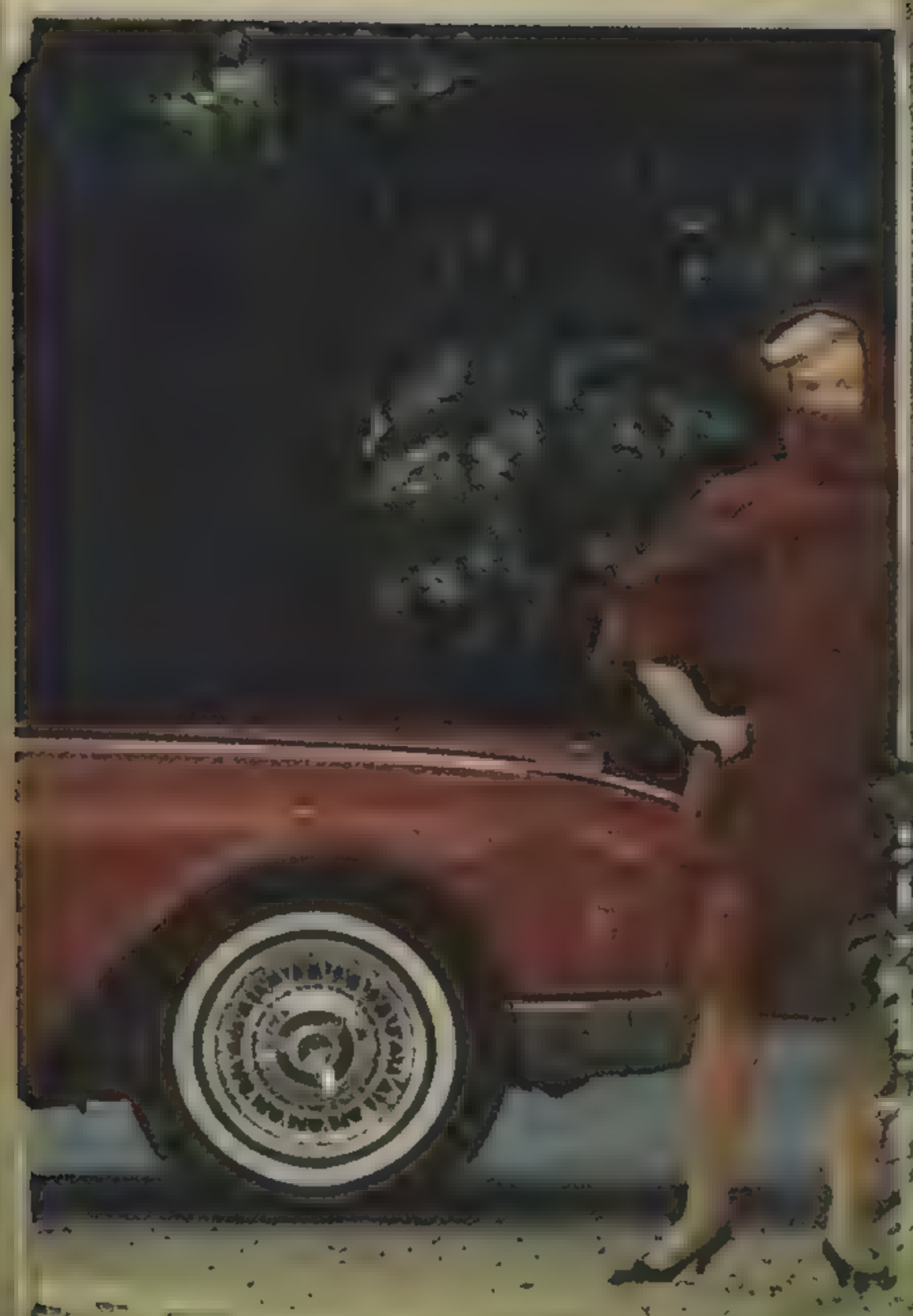
The sports-race car enthusiasts in Westchester who believe that the only colour for English-made sports cars (the Sprite, for instance) is British racing green—a deep, woodsy shade. . . . The trim Peugeot that makes deliveries for Maison Chanel in London: black with trompe-l'œil beige wickerwork painted on the upper section, the name CHANEL in chaste capitals. . . . Car with a diffidence: the Bentley belonging to B. J. Ridder of Pasadena, with a one-of-a-kind body by Hooper of England, silver and grey.

Nostalgic note: the fact that Cadillac and Lincoln, now unrelated, were originally designed, engineered, and produced (*Continued on page 109*)

## 1962 Thunderbird; coat with a scarf-hood

The camera-flash, *opposite*, focused on the elegant dazzle of one wire wheel with what looks like a racing car's quick-change hub cap—spinning attraction of the new Thunderbird sports roadster, a limited-edition car that's convertible two ways: besides having a disappearing top, it can switch, with a flick of the Fiberglas tonneau cover, from a two-seater to a four-seater. (More views of this car on the next pages.) The coat-flash, worn here by the Marchesa Alessandro di Montezemolo—red wool, Tattersalled in green, and headlined by a hood that wraps into scarf-ends. Coat by Monte-Sano & Pruzan; at Bergdorf Goodman.







**Miss Wendy Vanderbilt;  
the car: a 1962 Thunderbird**



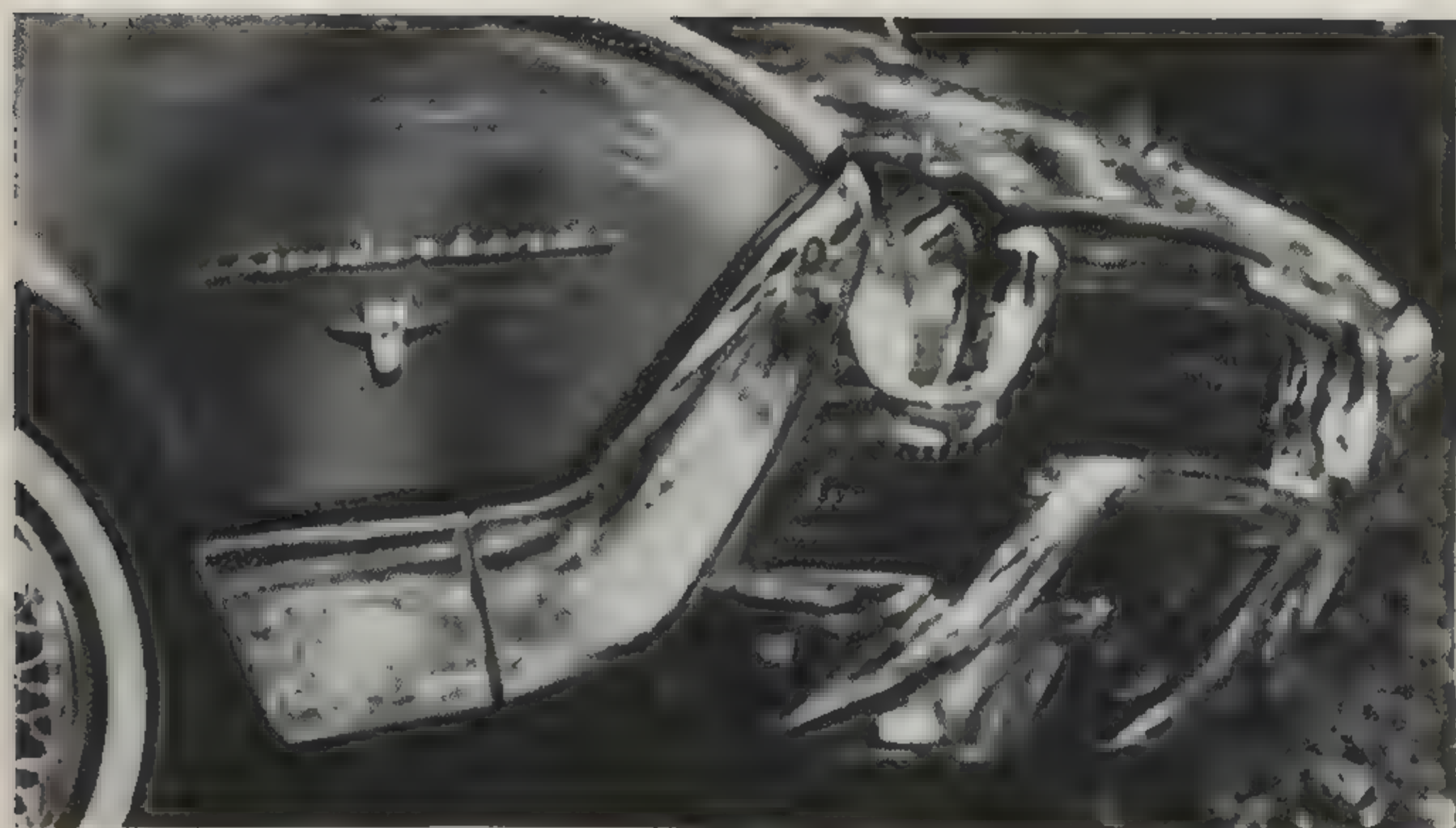












## More Thunderbird; hand-knitted suit

Shown with a segment of the Thunderbird, *left*, Miss Wendy Vanderbilt, wearing a suit of hand-knitted wool in bright navy blue, the cutaway jacket rimmed in narrow red side-walls (the car's white ones, narrower now, too). Suit by Anne Rubin; at Henri Bendel.

Other Thunderbird segments, scattered on this page: jaws and headlights, above; taillight, below; and an overall picture of car and clothes, at the top.

## Car notes *continued*

by the same man, Henry Leland. In 1903 (with Henry Ford working for him as chief engineer), he started with Cadillacs that were tiny, one-cylinder horseless buggies, nurtured them through a 4-cylinder stage into V-8's, sold them out to General Motors before World War I. In 1920, he produced the Lincoln, modelled on the Cadillac but with the addition of technical changes he had developed during the war while building airplane engines for the government. In 1922, Leland ended up working for Ford who then bought the Lincoln company.

Rolls-Royce lore: Cary Grant's can be made into a bed for naps. . . . Thorne Donnelley's, in Scottsdale, Arizona, is fitted with a dictaphone, fishing rod. . . . Hamilton Ross's, in Beverly Hills, has two air conditioners, one for the chauffeur. . . . John C. Wise of Cornwall, Connecticut, has a Rolls fitted with bamboo walking stick, lunch equipment including linen tea napkins in the same grey-and-green as the car (when, we'd like to know, will there be a duplex model with dumb-waiter?). . . . The RR fashion now for khaki, maroon, green, instead of Establishment black or silver grey.







BERT STERN



# “HOW LONG IS A WOMAN YOUNG?”

In a slight but engaging fantasy of 1930 called “Mrs. Moonlight,” the heroine is a young woman who, some five years before the action starts, has made a wish on a charmed necklace. Her wish has been to look young forever, and in the first few moments of the play, it’s clear that Mrs. Moonlight has wished well but not wisely; that, having been skipped by time, she is doomed to be left behind by time. The author was by no means declaring himself against youth; all the other characters mature in the most pleasantly youthful way—so-and-so “doesn’t look sixty-one, or, if he does, it’s a handsome sixty-one.” Another character, at fifty-five, is “all the better for her extra years.” It is only poor Mrs. Moonlight who lives unhappily ever after—wearily, unalterably, boringly twenty-two. Essentially this is the subject discussed in the next pages, by three men who are expert and articulate about youth, about women. And about this special line of moonlighting.

psychiatrist, man of the theatre



# DUTCH-UNCLE OPINIONS FROM A TOP INTERNIST

## HOW LONG IS A WOMAN YOUNG

### PHYSICALLY?

ONE OF NEW YORK'S TOP INTERNISTS AND DIAGNOSTICIANS, DR. NORTON BROWN IS A TALL, QUIET MAN WHOSE CONFIDENCE CARRIES OVER TO HIS PATIENTS. ATTENDING AND CONSULTING PHYSICIAN ON THE STAFF OF SEVERAL HOSPITALS, HE IS, TOO, ENERGETICALLY CONCERNED WITH THE WORK OF THE NEW YORK MEDICAL SOCIETY OF WHICH HE HAS BEEN PRESIDENT. DR. BROWN IS MARRIED TO ILKA CHASE, ACTRESS, WRITER, WIT.

Dr. Norton Brown is your champion if. If you are the sort of woman who takes a polite, but convinced and beleaguered stand against the current Youth Fixation, you are likely to be buoyed up by such a strong swimmer against the tide as this blunt, brilliantly-experienced physician. If you're another kind of woman—watch it.

When Dr. Brown was asked which indications would make it clear to him that a woman was lying about her age, his answer was: relaxed muscles in her body, the condition of her skin and hair—these are the classic physical symptoms, but over and above that, the certain inappropriateness in her appearance.

And *there* is the key to what Dr. Brown considers straight thinking about the age a woman should look—her own. In a strictly medical sense a doctor expects the years to roll along, add up, and result in certain appropriate physical evidence that a woman (or anybody else) has been on this planet for a certain length of time. And there is nothing that Dr. Brown can see wrong with that. Or that he can or would care to do about it. He admits, however, that others—the majority of them on the Continent—have differing theories, and observes that every five or ten years, some formula aimed at licking the Age Thing leaps up to grasp the imagination and excite hope. Actually, three of Dr. Brown's acquaintances made a this-summer pilgrimage to one of mid-Europe's luxury sanitariums, where one of the most fashionable grow-younger schemes is in operation. He reports that all three came back looking vastly improved. In fact, fine. Ah—then *there is* some merit in this cure? Yes, he continues, for three weeks these three spent a great deal of money, got a great deal of rest, sleep, good food, were free of stress and strain, and neither smoked nor drank too much. *That's* all very becoming. And that—and no miracle—was the extent of the cure. On the other hand, he does believe that "miracles" can take place at such shrines as Lourdes, for instance. People who have not moved a muscle for years, do get up and walk. Not those with incurable diseases, however, but those with the curable disease of the will; when the spirit is willing, the body plays ball. By means of these two examples, Dr. Brown pinpoints precisely the two things that, in his view, *will* keep a woman young—an intelligent *modus vivendi* and an uncrushable spirit. And, too, a continuing willingness to participate in life.

Just what does the unshakable Dr. Brown consider an "intelligent" way of living? Well, he knows that you know what that is and, another thing, he won't give rules because the very idea of rules makes him wince; generalizations don't appeal to him either.



However, he was goaded into admitting that he believes just what you thought he meant—reasonably early hours, a reasonable amount of sleep, rest, a reasonable intake of nourishing food, rest, a little drinking, rest, less smoking, rest, and care, good care, for skin, figure.

Running down his list—smoking for instance? His view is frank. Smoking doesn't do anyone any good—however, taking it away completely from someone dependent on it can do harm. What smoking is is a form of oral gratification and that, in turn, is a form of immaturity. Not a fatal one perhaps, but something to consider when lighting up the next one. Alcohol? Dr. Brown is in favour of it (he flatters the intelligence by not going in to the palpable fact that too much is too much). Although a modest man, he considers himself one of the finest bartenders without a union card, likes to give and take a delicious drink or two at drinking time. He not only doesn't consider controlled social drinking aging, but, on the contrary, feels alcohol's property of removing inhibitions and relieving strain positively healthy. Diet? Here we come to rules again, and (Continued on page 143)

## CONTINUING TRUTHS FROM A TOP PSYCHIATRIST

### HOW LONG IS A WOMAN YOUNG

#### EMOTIONALLY?

DR. HOLLIS E. CLOW, A DISTINGUISHED PSYCHIATRIST, AND A CHARMING, EASY MAN, IS THE DIRECTOR OF LABORATORIES AT NEW YORK HOSPITAL'S WHITE PLAINS WESTCHESTER DIVISION, A GREEN ARRANGEMENT OF COTTAGES AND BUILDINGS, WHERE HE WAS INTERVIEWED. AT ONE TIME HE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN GERIATRICS SOCIETY.

*Flexibility, functioning, adjustment.* Although the words, as Mary McCarthy once observed, suggest the jargon of the factory and the garage, they mean something important, something too frequently obscured by the frequency with which the words are dropped. Nonetheless, such words as flexibility, functioning, and adjustment might be the words which, put into practice, keep a woman young. According to Dr. Hollis E. Clow, a psychiatrist intensely interested in psychological aging, a woman is apt to remain young—in her own mind and in the minds of others—for exactly as long as she can function socially and adjust flexibly to shifting demands.

Psychological aging, as Dr. Clow pointed out, does not necessarily run parallel to physiological aging. A young woman, at twenty-five or twenty-six, may undergo a subtle, occasionally lasting transformation: the glow, in brief, goes off. ("Everybody said I looked the same," said one girl to whom it had happened, "but I knew, and strangers knew.") She seems suddenly to have lost the sense that something interesting lies just around the corner. We have all seen, too, the converse: the woman who throws off such radiance that her age enters nobody's calculations. That kind of woman is an *interested* woman.

What kind of attitudes keep the mind young? Dr. Clow believes that those attitudes can be wrapped up in one word: *commitment*. Commitment implies interest, a willingness to take risks. The firmer one's commitment, the less likely one (Continued on next page)



is to be drained or beaten by life. The occasional tendency, Dr. Clow added, of an unmarried woman to age faster than a married woman has less to do with any conditions intrinsic to marriage than with the fact that there may well have been in the single woman's attitudes something that kept her from committing herself to life in the first place. Gamblers have a line that makes the point precisely: *it goes as it lays for the action*, a phrase that means the action, or play, is beginning, and either your money's on the table or you're out of this particular game. For all of us, there is a sense in which the action is always just beginning. The woman unwilling to play, afraid to commit herself, is apt to feel at some moment that the game has passed her by.

It is impossible, of course, to predict or define what constitutes age for any one person. A complex play between physical and psychological conditions, aging is calculated, like income tax, a little bit differently for everyone. Nonetheless, everyone is at some point faced with the calculation.

Something as inevitable as decrease in physical capacity, for example, may involve serious emotional adjustments. Although it sounds so basic as to be banal, many people have trouble with that kind of adjustment: they are vaguely bewildered, at forty, that they can no longer stay up all night as they could at twenty.

The more difficult adjustment, however, is to the foreshortening of one's future. There comes a day when one realizes the extreme improbability that one will, some day, write a novel, become a great wit, turn tall and blonde and beautiful. There again commitment is frequently the key. A woman who has lived every day to the best of her potential is less likely to fear, (Continued on page 149)

## S TRAIGHT TALK AND HONEY FROM A PLAYWRIGHT-DIRECTOR

### INGÉNUE OR LEADING LADY?

GARSON KANIN, A SPRIGHTLY, BUOYANT MAN WITH A RUFF OF GINGER HAIR, HAS BEEN TANGLING WITH WOMEN IN THE THEATRE SINCE 1933; OFFSTAGE HIS RECORD GOES BACK A BIT FARTHER. BOTH PLAYWRIGHT AND DIRECTOR, HE IS RESPON-

"When a woman lives mostly in her memories," said Mr. Kanin with the note of a man who has given many of the best years of his life, and only a few disenchanted evenings, to observing women, "when she talks about the beaux she *used* to ensnare, the dresses she wore, she's no longer young. She's had it. . . . A woman stays young as long as she hopes more and remembers less."

We rejoiced with sudden pride in the fact that our own mind had recently been displaying some of the proclivities of a sieve and resolved to stop shuddering over those ghoulish memories of what we'd worn when.

Mr. Kanin went on, "One must live in what Eugene O'Neill called that strange interlude" (he brought us right out of our own S.I.) "between the past and the future. As



SIBLE FOR SUCH SKILLFUL FORAYS THROUGH THE FEMALE MIND AS "BORN YESTERDAY," SOME OF THEM WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH HIS MESMERIZING WIFE, THE ACTRESS RUTH GORDON, WHO, INCIDENTALLY, HAS RED HAIR. THIS SEASON ON BROADWAY HE WILL DIRECT NORMAN KRASNA'S NEW COMEDY, "SUNDAY IN NEW YORK"; HIS OWN SHOW, "COME ON STRONG"; AND HIS ADAPTATION, "THE LAST OF THE WINE," FROM LAEL TUCKER WERTENBAKER'S BOOK, "DEATH OF A MAN."

long as preoccupation with the present and the hope of the future predominate, the point of view is young." Actually, point of view can move age in either direction as neatly as a thermostat pointer. In the chorus of the recent Kanin show, *Do Re Mi*, appeared a girl who, it came to light after weeks of rehearsal, was exactly fifteen; yet no one who worked with her had spotted her youth because they all shared one point of view—making the show work; and, therefore, they shared an age. "If I had been thinking of the way show girls *used* to look, or what the line was like in Lillian Russell's day, that just couldn't have happened," explained Mr. Kanin. "From a calendar point of view, I'm a middle-aged man, but I *know* I'm much younger now than I was twenty-five years ago. For one thing, I'm much healthier; in my twenties I felt terrible all the time. I was over-exhausted, always having hangovers, playing too much tennis or golf, or getting punched in the face or having motorcycle accidents."... Was it Instant Reform that changed all this? "No, gradual organization of a long roll-call of values. And I don't miss much; there are more hours in every day now. I know about more things in which to be interested because my *involvement* with the present is greater."

**I**nvolvement with the present, in Mr. Kanin's book, is the surest measure of youth, surer than 1961-minus-date-of-birth, and among his living proofs he likes to cite, at the moment, Mlle. Chanel, whose age is variously reported as seventy-four to seventy-nine. Mathematically, seventy-eight is the correct figure, but the face, the figure, the point of view are young—not that cloying younger-than-springtime young, but wildly contemporary, so contemporary that the message spelled out by Chanel reaches, according to Garson Kanin, "the two kids from Sioux City that live in the brownstone across the street; they come out wearing a copy of a copy of Chanel, and they feel absolutely dazzling. . . . It's because she's involved; even in the years when she gave up the couture, she saw people and went places. She entertained in her apartment in the Rue Cambon, she lunched with friends, she went to the south of France. If she had just stopped all daily commitments, the parade would have passed her by."

Living attentively, but not intensely, what Gertrude Stein called "daily daily life" is, Mr. Kanin admits with a becoming touch of nostalgia, easier in Europe, perhaps easiest of all in France where people devote a great share of life to living; where the design of the day counts as much as anything; where such routines as marketing become personal—an extra eight blocks to the shop that makes the *éclair*s Monsieur responds to, an excursion to the town that has only one specialty, possibly something as lowly as goats' cheese. The conversation, the concentration, the cat's-cradle pattern of personalities belong to one day to be savoured and enjoyed; they have nothing to do with next week or with the month before last. Somehow, this relaxed art of capturing the present seems less desirable to the American mind, especially the female mind. To sit for hours, as the French do, with one small drink, looking, breathing, absorbing the scene is not one of our natural talents. "Now if you and I," ventured Mr. Kanin, "went for a walk (Continued on page 145)







## The narrow evening dress—in the Italian manner

*Right:* Princess Alliata, the wife of Prince Fabrizio Alliata di Montereale of Rome and Palermo, and the daughter of a former president of San Salvador, has a serious, grave beauty, with the frequent surprise of her smile. She wears, here, Simonetta's crystal fringed bolero, over a narrowly-flared pale-pink satin ball dress, the bolero bowed over one shoulder—a pretty tie-up of an evening. The dress by Simonetta, in America at Bonwit Teller, Phila.

*Left:* For a woman with a sense of clothes drama, embroidered tulle, a gold-threaded bodice with the blaze of a Mycene shield, over an unbouffant pink tulle skirt hemmed with the same embroidery. The dress by Galitzine, in America at Bonwit Teller, Phila.

*Galitzine's embroidered  
shield over tulle*

*Princess Alliata, wearing  
Simonetta's crystal bolero dress*







**NARROWING  
NIGHT LINES—  
LACE, BROCADE**

**Figure-case** of black ribbon lace, wrapped closely at the waist by a black silk taffeta cummerbund that continues to the floor at the back with a train-long overskirt. By Mr. Blackwell at Jay Thorpe; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Haggarty's. Black silk shoes by Palizzio.





**N**arrow evening dress of gold and taupe brocade, with magnified bow. By Dorothy O'Hara, of silk and Mylar (Onondaga fabric); about \$140. Jewellery by Marvella. All: Arnold Constable. Dress: Wm. H. Block; Marston's. Gloves by Kislav. Shoes: Herbert Levine.





## LEATHER COATS— NEWS ALL OVER TOWN

AS FAST AS SKYSCRAPERS GO UP IN CITIES, THAT'S HOW QUICKLY AND SURELY LEATHER COATS ARE COMING IN. HERE, TWO OF THE EARLIEST ARRIVALS—AS AUTHORITATIVELY DASHING AS A BENTLEY IN MIDTOWN TRAFFIC: LEFT: BROWN SUÈDED CALFSKIN, CUT WITH A FINÉ SENSE OF LEATHER'S NEW ENVIRONMENT. COAT-LENGTH CITY CARDIGAN, WORN WITH A SLICE-OF-RED DRESS, PAISLEY TURBAN. THE COAT BY SAMUEL ROBERT; ABOUT \$250. AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, JULIUS GARFINCKEL; SAKOWITZ. RIGHT: SUÈDE IN A KING-OF-THE-JUNGLE TAWNINESS; INSIDE, RACCOON—AU NATUREL, AND INSIDE EVERYTHING IS A CURRY-COLOURED WORSTED JERSEY DRESS, WITH TAWNY SUÈDE TOUCHES. COAT AND DRESS BY BONNIE CASHIN. LORD & TAYLOR; NEUSTETERS; JOSEPH MAGNIN. ON BOTH PAGES: GUCCI HANDBAGS, HATS BY MR. JOHN.











# Grass roots clothes— going on all day



The woman who lives in the country, or goes there on weekends has a special kind of good looks, her own way of making fashion out of clothes. Her clothes include "good tweeds," but the term does not sum up her wardrobe—or the way she looks. She wears, this time of year, autumn-outdoors colours; lots of sweaters—that have a way of looking different lately. Given an assortment of separates, she can add them up so they seem destined for each other—and unbeatable. *Opposite page:* One of the new long-pull cardigan sweaters in a bright melon colour to wear in autumn sunshine, winter firelight. It's made of mohair and wool. By Jane Irwill. About \$18. Echo Paisley silk scarf. Both at Bonwit Teller. Sweater also at Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Above:* Cotton duck water-repellent coat the colour of winter wheat; a lining of printed cotton. By Main Street. About \$25. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Capezio boots.





## Grass roots clothes—country wools



*Above left:* Dress to wear right now—black, white, and brown-toast Glen plaid wool—slim, bloused shape, self-sashed. By Jamison. About \$60. At Peck & Peck; I. Magnin. *Centre left:* Made to button up the back, this straight and lean beige two-ply cashmere sweater is country miles from the old boarding school cardigan worn backwards. By Ballantyne. About \$45. At Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. *Lower left:* Day in the country—three-part plan—a dark-blue wool Melton cardigan jacket, straight skirt, both piped in leather, worn with a brown suède top. By Roger Van S. Jacket, about \$70; skirt, about \$45; suède top, about \$30. Lord & Taylor; L. S. Ayres. *Directly above:* For the weekend country woman to wear during the week in town too—blue knitted wool overblouse and skirt. By Bernhard Altmann. About \$55. At Best & Co. *Opposite page:* This relaxed camel's-hair sweater looks new without fuss by way of a boat neck. By Canterbury. About \$16. Brown-and-white wool tweed skirt—gathered in front only. By Sloat. About \$35. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.









## Grass roots combines

*Left:* Two sweaters and a skirt look new worn together this way. The cardigan is taupe lamb's wool and fur; the sleeveless pull-over kumquat-coloured wool; the wool plaid skirt, kumquat, grey and beige. By Majestic. Cardigan, about \$15; pull-over, about \$5; skirt, about \$12. At Best & Co.; Famous-Barr. Evins shoes. Wooden pail and plate, James Abbe Jr. Antiques.

*Below:* Coat to step out of a sports car in—straight buttery brown suède bound in navy-blue kidskin. No buttons, nothing. By Leathermode. \$125. The plum-coloured dress has its own sub-structure—a chemise slip that snaps in at the shoulders. By Anne Rubin of Angora and wool. \$70. Coat and dress are both at Henri Bendel. Margaret Jerrold pigskin shoes.

*Opposite page:* Cardigan suit of beige double-knitted wool sparked with a bulky black wool sweater that would be handsome with skinny pants. By Butte Knit. About \$40. At Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Frederick & Nelson.











# *A poet's rose garden*

## *Victoria Sackville-West at Sissinghurst*

A poet of strong sense and frail beauty, Victoria Sackville-West lives in her family's sixteenth-century castle, Sissinghurst, deep in England's gentle Kent County. There, she and her husband, Sir Harold Nicolson, keep one of the world's most beautiful gardens, an arrangement of small gardens, opening one on to another, some a profusion of roses. Here and on the next two pages are photographs of Sissinghurst, with a Sackville-West poem, dedicated to her friend, Virginia Woolf, whose character Orlando resembled V. S.-W. Lady Nicolson is often seen on the grounds in riding breeches and a faded linen jacket, with gardening scissors tucked into her high-laced boots.



Rose and digitalis



Near a tower entrance

The famous musk roses of Sissinghurst: "the castle and the rose"

INGE MORATH



Victoria Sackville-West (Lady Nicolson) in from the garden

### *Sissinghurst*

*Thursday. To V. W.*

A tired swimmer in the waves of time  
I throw my hands up: let the surface close:  
Sink down through centuries to another clime,  
And buried find the castle and the rose.  
Buried in time and sleep,  
So drowsy, overgrown,  
That here the moss is green upon the stone,  
And lichen stains the keep.  
I've sunk into an image, water-drowned,  
Where stirs no wind and penetrates no sound,  
Illusive, fragile to a touch, remote,  
Foundered within the well of years as deep  
As in the waters of a stagnant moat.  
Yet in and out of these decaying halls  
I move, and not a ripple, not a quiver,  
Shakes the reflection though the waters shiver,—  
My tread is to the same illusion bound.  
Here, tall and damask as a summer flower,  
Rise the brick gable and the spring tower;  
Invading Nature crawls  
With ivied fingers over rosy walls,  
Searching the crevices,  
Clasping the mullion, riveting the crack,  
Binding the fabric crumbling to attack,  
And questing feelers of the wandering fronds  
Grope for interstices,  
Holding this myth together under-seas,  
Anachronistic vagabonds!

And here, by birthright far from present fashion,  
As no disturber of the mirrored trance  
I move, and to the world above the waters  
Wave my incognisance.

*Continued on next page*

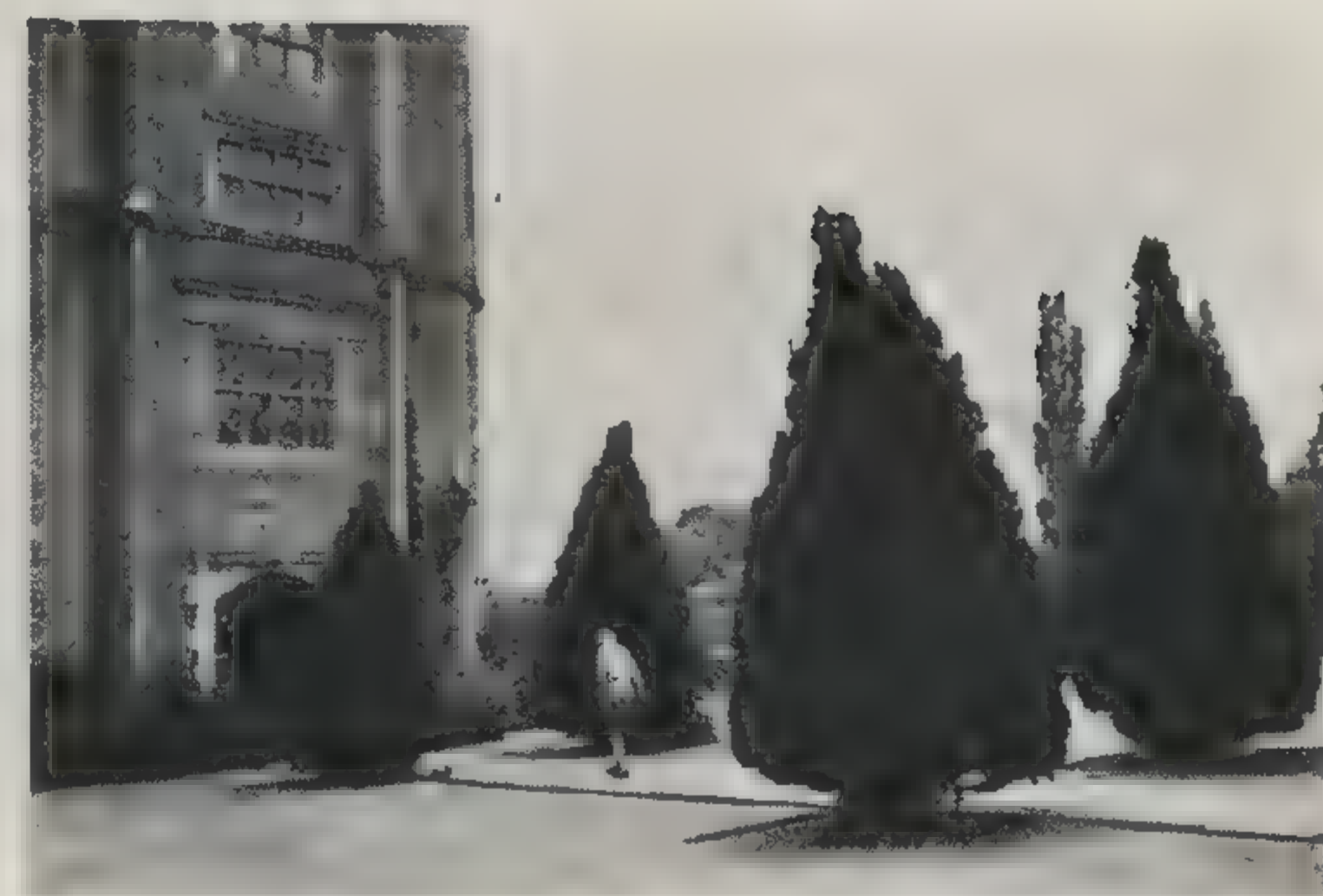




In a yew corridor between two gardens, Victoria Sackville-West's dog, Dan



Two ducks near the moat



Victoria Sackville-West in her cypress alley

## *Sissinghurst* continued

*F*or here, where days and years have lost their number,  
I let a plummet down in lieu of date,  
And lose myself within a slumber  
Submerged, elate.

For now the apple ripens, now the hop,  
And now the clover, now the barley-crop;  
Spokes bound upon a wheel forever turning,  
Wherewith I turn, no present manner learning;  
Cry neither "Speed your processes!" nor "Stop!"  
I am content to leave the world awry  
(Busy with politic perplexity.)  
If still the cart-horse at the fall of day  
Clumps up the lane to stable and to hay,  
And tired men go home from the immense  
Labour and life's expense  
That force the harsh recalcitrant waste to yield  
Corn and not nettles in the harvest-field;  
This husbandry, this castle, and this I  
Moving within the deeps,  
Shall be content within our timeless spell,  
Assembled fragments of an age gone by,  
While still the sower sows, the reaper reaps,  
Beneath the snowy mountains of the sky,  
And meadows dimple to the village bell.  
So plods the stallion up my evening lane  
And fills me with a mindless deep repose,  
Wherein I find in chain  
The castle, and the pasture, and the rose.

Beauty, and use, and beauty once again  
Link up my scattered heart, and shape a scheme  
Commensurate with a frustrated dream.

The autumn bonfire smokes across the woods  
And reddens in the water of the moat;  
As red within the water burns the scythe,  
And the moon dwindled to her gibbous tithe  
Follows the sunken sun afloat.  
Green is the eastern sky and red the west;  
The hop-kilns huddle under pallid hoods;  
The waggon stupid stands with upright shaft,  
As daily life accepts the night's arrest.  
Night like a deeper sea engulfs the land,  
The castle, and the meadows, and the farm;  
Only the baying watch-dog looks for harm,  
And shakes his chain towards the lunar brand.  
In the high room where tall the shadows tilt  
As candle-flames blow crooked in the draught,  
The reddened sunset on the panes was spilt,  
But now as black as any nomad's tent  
The night-time and the night of time have blent  
Their darkness, and the waters doubly sleep.  
Over my head the years and centuries sweep,  
The years of childhood flown,  
The centuries unknown;  
I dream; I do not weep.











## The long, reedy dress; undercurrents of black lace

*a*s pretty as a black lace peignoir: supple, lacy shape-makers—all with very special talents. For instance: an all-in-one is the smoothest guide to the new, long, narrowed dresses; the brasette is one of the best waist-neateners going—for waist-conscious dresses; the pantie girdle comes into its own for evening with new, danceable skirts. *Opposite page:* Reedy black silk jersey dress (underpinnings here need careful planning). Covered up in front—in the way of this year's most exciting evening dresses. By Philip Hulitar, of Jasco silk jersey; about \$235. At Hattie Carnegie; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. *Right:* The long-famous allure of black lace, worth its weight in whalebone here, as it gets a firm grip on the evening situation. Black nylon power net, nylon lace, satin woven with Lastex. By Treo, of Du Pont nylon, about \$25. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. *Below, left:* Long a favourite with country clothes and skinny pants, the pantie girdle here brings its special talents to bear on the after-six life. Limber, thigh-slimming, made in power net of Dacron, with nylon marquissette. The matching brassière has straps that can be worn close-in, wide-set, or not at all; nylon marquissette and nylon lace, with elasticized power net back of Dacron. Both in black and pink; by Distinction. Girdle, about \$17; brassière, about \$8. At Goldwaters; Best's Apparel. *Below right:* Lace-hemmed all-in-one for light, smooth slimming. Black and pink power net of Lycra. By Lily of France, about \$28. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel.





# The chiffon float; undercurrents of lace

*m*ore about the costume under the evening costume—its lacy, lingerie look. All the shape-makers here have curves that jibe with the waistline revival.

*Below:* This strapless white all-in-one shapes the whole woman (or almost)—an undeniable asset where waistlines come in. By Flexees, of nylon bobbinet and Vyrene, with brassière and front panel of nylon lace. About \$30, at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's, Pasadena.

*Above, right:* With the return of the waistline: new importance for the long-stemmed brassière. This one goes as far as the hipbone for a continuous, smooth line; it's strapless, curved low in back. By Lady Marlene of white Lycra and nylon lace; about \$13. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's.

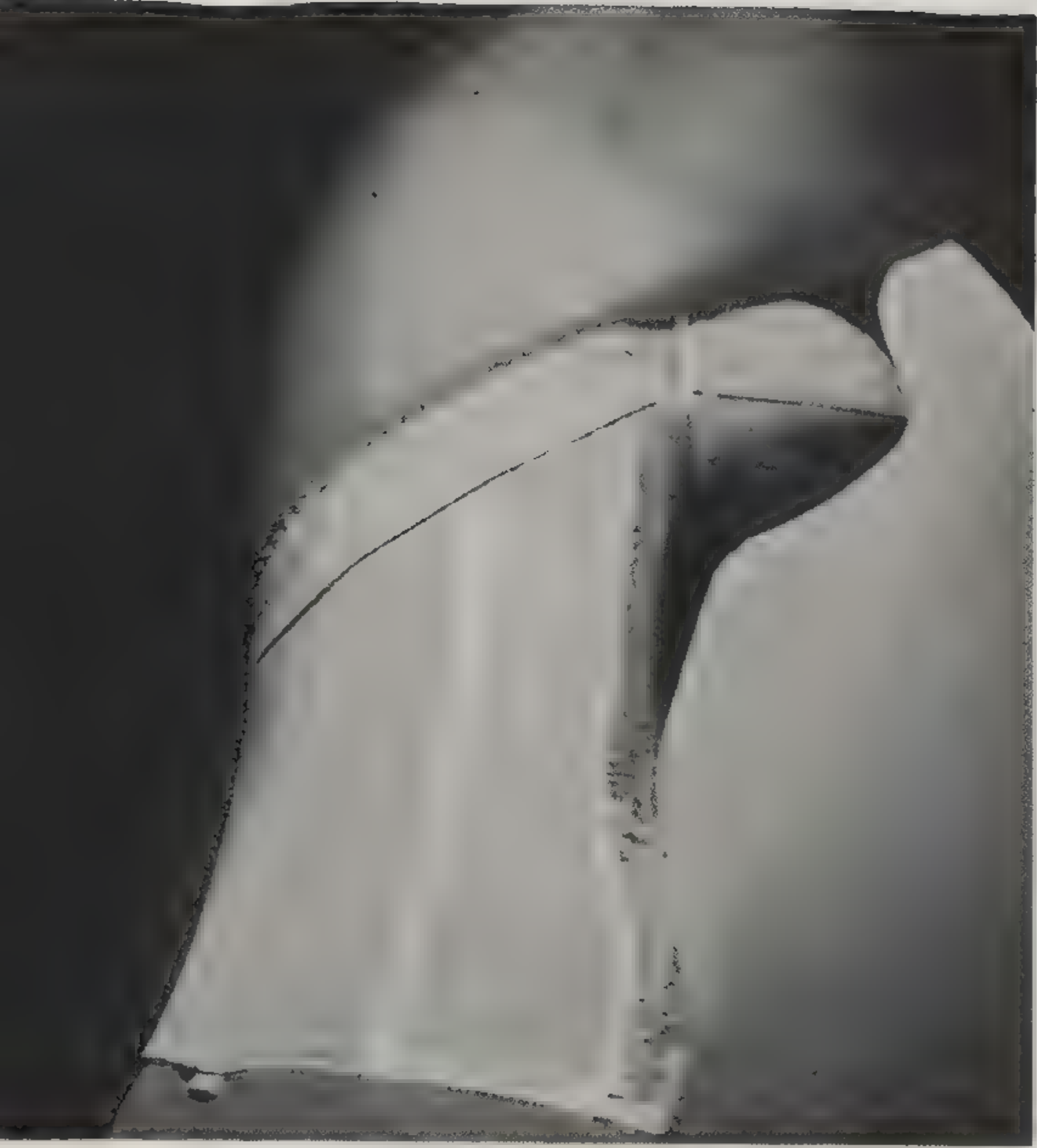
*Below, right:* This year's soft, unstiff brassière—best guide to chifions, knitted fabrics. Black nylon lace with underwires of flexible Fiberglas. By Bali, about \$4. Bloomingdale's.

*Far right:* For late-day, the new bias play of red chiffon—soft as a dress can be, this side of the melting point. Small-waisted, with a full, floaty skirt. By Ben Reig, of Bianchini silk chiffon. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's. Ostrich hat with a new wind-blown bob: Emme.





HORST





# TRAVELLER'S DELIGHT

## A TOWN IN SOUTHERN MEXICO

ONLY TIME HAS PASSED in the clean little city of San Cristóbal de las Casas, cradled in the green mountains of Chiapas, Mexico's southernmost province that spills toward Guatemala. In this indelibly Indian country—only conquered on the surface by the Spanish—San Cristóbal de las Casas, just called Las Casas, seems spellbound, an enchanting Spanish enclave with patioed houses and apricot-coloured churches. Within a one-day round trip from the city, there is a network of fascinating Indian villages—Amatenango, Comitán, Zinacantán, and Chamula. On the mountain trails, the Indians, as they pass, omit the greeting *Buenas días*, toss only a gentle *Adiós* that lingers like a streamer in air.

WITH MORE THE FEELING of Switzerland than Mexico, the air of Las Casas is Alpine brisk, the nights chilly. In the gentle dip of town, flowers bloom all year in the Spanish patios of the low red-roofed, pastel houses. At each end of the town, a church stands on a hill; one of them looks even smaller above a great sweep of stairs, and the other has a dome, as white as yoghurt above feathery pines. A splendid sixteenth-century example, evoking its Spanish past, is the ornate church of Santo Domingo; inside, the gilt wooden lacework is famous. Everything happens around the plaza and in the small blue and white stores on Guadalupe Street, the market for all this district. Note: *La Segoviana*, a small shop, has a good variety of wools and cottons worked in bold black and white Mayan designs. Across from the post office, at the *zapatería*, the adroit cobblers can copy a pair of shoes in three to four days—for \$6.

A PLEASANT PLACE TO STAY (there is little choice in Las Casas) is the simple Hotel Español, opened some fifty years ago by the Spanish grandfather of the present owner. Seven of its eighteen rooms have fireplaces, an evening comfort all year, a necessity in winter. Rooms overlook the patio with its morning excitement of vendors: women wrapped in black *rebozos*, carrying live pairs of chickens upside-down over their arms, as if they were toting handbags; on their heads, men wear round, flat baskets heaped with flowers, fruits, vegetables, and *pan dulce*, the Mexican sweet bread, the whole affair looking like an exquisite Flemish still life. Luxuries in small Mexican towns: this hotel's hot water every morning, good reading lights, Martinis—plus an English-speaking manager. Willing service, not boringly efficient. (Rates for one person with meals, \$4.80 a day; for two in a double room, meals, \$8.)

FOR SOME, THE REAL CENTRE of Las Casas is *Na Balom*, the combined big blue house and the private museum of the archaeologist Frans Blom and his wife. (The museum with its Mexican artifacts and the library are open every afternoon.) Anthropologists and archaeologists fill the Bloms' nine guest rooms, pay a small charge for rooms and the good food, nothing for the scientific talks that drift into foreign languages, monitored with charm by Mrs. Blom.

THE SHORT, STOCKY CHAMULA INDIANS look strongly Asiatic with watchful Mongol eyes; the men are quickly identified by their black or white belted tunics over calf-length white duck pants. They wear white bandanas on their thatch of black hair, use old automobile tires for their rubber-soled sandals. Arrogant and impudent, the handsome Zinacantán men wear straw boaters and short pink and white striped tunics with fringed edges are irresistibly photogenic, painfully camera-shy.

TO GO FROM MEXICO CITY to San Cristóbal de las Casas takes four hours, divided into two and a half hours by plane to Tuxtla Gutiérrez (one way, \$26.64), then, for the remaining fifty miles, an hour-and-a-half taxi ride, \$5 a person.

## The Paris house of Roger Vivier, designed to fit his treasures

Roger Vivier, a fair-haired Parisian with great taste, an interest in proportion, and a collection of treasures from a given-up country house, has put them all to work in a high-ceilinged, long-roomed apartment in Paris.

The library, *opposite*, like the rest of the house, is a charming, loose mosaic of eighteenth century and contemporary. In a library corner (shown here) hangs the enormous 1961 blue painting by Kijno, a Polish artist. The eighteenth century here, velvet-covered French Regency chairs, a Louis XVI tabouret, and the flowered Caucasian carpet. Because Mr. Vivier wanted to see the whole of his beautiful carpet, he used a clear glass table in front of the sofa. Enchanted by the looks and flex of a lamp he saw an automobile mechanic using, Mr. Vivier bought several in an auto supply shop, put them in his house.

Designed to snake illuminatingly around a car's insides, one of the lamps trains on the painting here, bends, when called upon, to light a sofa-sitter's reading.

(Continued next page)



# VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING









"I run back and forth to the office," said Roger Vivier of his two-and-a-half-minute daily commute from his house on the Quai d'Orsay in Paris to his office on the Avenue Montaigne. His running goal, office-to-Quai, is an apartment that looks inside like a small château. Although Mr. Vivier wanted his handsome collection of Louis chairs and chests to glow attractively, he wanted no museum. "To live only in the past is to live with the dead," he said. In the grand salon, *right* and *below right*, the original parquet floor gave way to rosy Belgian tile. French Regency chairs stand near low-slung "Barcelona Chairs," the famous Mies van der Rohe design of 1929. A Chinese sea horse, Han Dynasty, rides a signed Louis XV chest, and, on a wall shelf, a Tibetan goddess surveys the pleasant mélange that includes two orange trees that blossom in the spring and bear fruit in the autumn. Stars in the marbled entrance hall, *left*, are a recent bronze sculpture by the American, Brewer, at one end on a tall pedestal; and, at left, an eighteenth-century garden statue, found decapitated near Vézelay—her head was retrieved, reinstated by Mr. Vivier. (Continued next page)

The eighteenth-and-twentieth centuries in the elephant grey entrance hall, *left*.

*Below*, mostly early eighteenth-century, French Regency *boiserie* and brilliant peacock blue niches in the dining room.



Above, in the grand salon, white walls, pink tile, black leather.

*Below*, Mies van der Rohe chairs on a sixteenth-century Chinese rug—over the sofa, an abstraction by A+lan.

## HOW TO LIVE WITH THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

In his Paris house, Roger Vivier answered the question by adding twentieth-century paintings, sculpture, Mies van der Rohe chairs.



ANTHONY  
DENNEY







Drawings by Picasso, Dubuffet, Redon, Hartung, with a Louis XVI settee by Séné in the blue dressing room, above. Below, in the slate-tiled bathroom, a gouache by Lanskoy, a faïence profile of Louis XVI, and Directoire appliques.

In the Roger Vivier house, more of the condiments he adds among his eighteenth-century furniture—the engaging companionship of objects, paintings, sculptures, and historied furniture. One of the auto mechanic lamps he admired shines in the bedroom, *right*, on a collection that includes pre-Columbian sculpture, a Roman medallion, an Egyptian cat, and sixteenth-century German silver musicians. The Louis XIV velvet-covered chair beside this international assortment is believed to be one of the original models of those comfortable armchairs the French call *bergères*. In the dressing room, *left*, recent abstractions hang on embossed blue velvet walls, over a magnificent Louis XVI *canapé à corbeille*, a settee that looks like a basket. The celebrated Boulle, cabinetmaker to Louis XIV, made the beautiful chest in the master bedroom *below*; an anonymous sixteenth-century Nuremberg genius put together the clock, a gilded lion that sits in front of a French Regency mirror, blinks every second, and sticks out his tongue to mark every 1961 half hour.

*Right*, in a bedroom, an early armchair, a 1961 auto mechanic lamp, and a collection of ancient sculpture. Below, in the master bedroom, the great piece is the Boulle chest.

## HOW TO LIVE WITH THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



ANTHONY DENNEY







# *Mrs. Exeter*

## *chooses two evening dresses*

“*W*hy two?” her sister Caroline asked. “Isn’t that pretty extravagant, buying two at once?”  
“I don’t see why,” said Mrs. Exeter, as she slit the envelopes of her morning mail; at the moment she just happened to be looking at her bank statement. “You know my theory perfectly well—buying what I need all at once—providing I can pay for it, and after my blissfully quiet summer, I can. I *need* two long evening dresses, which means I’m going to *buy* two long evening dresses, so why niggle? Besides, this seems to be an ideal moment: two things are back in fashion now that I happen to love—which isn’t always the case—and I shall wear them both for several years.”  
“What makes you so sure they’ll stay in fashion, dear Mrs. Know-it-all?”  
asked Caroline with a slight edge in her voice.

Caroline was quite conscious of the never-referred-to but undeniable fact that Mrs. Exeter dressed better than she, Caroline, did, and on an income considerably smaller. She secretly longed to use Mrs. Exeter’s system—never buying on impulse, never buying for an occasion, making plans by the year (or two or three years, in some instances), and steadfastly refusing clothes that had no important place in her way of life. Caroline—angrily, enviously—longed to be as wise and firm, and as chic as her sister; but a glimpse of herself in a fitting-room mirror trying on a red, ruffled lace; or at her milliner’s, seeing her big blue eyes and soft silver-white hair beneath a puff of pale-blue ostrich—these momentary visions dulled her actually quite good taste and gave her the feeling of being twenty again. To do Caroline justice, she did not actually wear these mistakes very often; but she was perpetually making them, and her clothes closets gradually filled with mistakes until, once every year or so, she telephoned one of the Thrift Shops and cleared everything out, only to start again after a few weeks’ repentance. “How do you know they will stay *in*?” she repeated, as Mrs. Exeter finished her mail and got up to leave the dining room. Mrs. Exeter paused for a moment. “Because,” she said, “because I feel it in my Delphic bones. And anyhow, my Delphic bones never let me make a mistake on expensive things.”

The two dresses that Mrs. Exeter finally chose were, as she said, quite different. But they were both future tense “classics” and could be worn by any smart woman from thirty on. One was long-sleeved, high in front but with a very low back décolletage; and Mrs. Exeter’s back and shoulders were still beautiful. The skirt had soft fullness in front—just enough to ease over the faint roundness that was one of the few signs of age Mrs. Exeter’s figure gave. There was a very small train. The belt was slightly higher at the front, curved down a little in back, and the material was one of the chiffon-weight silky jerseys with synthetic fibre added for its non-stretch, non-cling qualities. This dress Mrs. Exeter chose in black. “I’m glad that black for evening is smart again,” she murmured. “I don’t feel apologetic about asking for it now.”

When Mrs. Exeter showed this dress to Caroline, she stood surveying her image in the long mirror, trying on several pairs of earrings—some danglers, a pair of enormous turquoises, and some perfectly huge gold discs (Mayan relics). She seemed undecided (*Continued on page 146*)



## DUTCH-UNCLE OPINIONS FROM AN INTERNIST

(Continued from page 113)

what is good for you is idiosyncratic—one woman's meat is another woman's allergy. The proteins, minerals, and vitamins that he believes your diet should include, you know about too. And supplementary vitamins—unless they hedge against an aching void—are not particularly on this doctor's prescription list. Rest? This is a recommendation most often given and most often ignored—unwisely, too, because if there is any one action that may well strengthen a hold on youth, rest, with its genuine reparative property, is it.

Almost any woman would immediately latch on to, inquire about, the point "good care of the skin." What care? Dr. Brown means *consistent* care with the kind of cream that a woman discovers to be right for herself. A cared-for skin is healthy because it's clean; young because lubricated (cream and foundations as well help form a barrier against the skin's loss of moisture). Which brings us very naturally to a very hopeful hazard of Dr. Brown's—that the drinking of water in that heroic old eight-glass-a-day tradition, or even more (except where a medical condition makes it contra-indicated) may *possibly* affect the skin's moisture. It is, in any event, an interesting little speculation (which would form a simple, healthy, personally-conducted experiment) and goes along with Dr. Brown's stand that any benefits which might accrue to the complexion over and above wise upkeep must arrive, not topically, but systemically.

The nagging next question. Will any of this wise living halt the onset of physical deterioration, and at what point in a woman's life does it set in? These are questions on which neither considered medical opinion in general, nor Dr. Brown's considered opinion in particular, is prepared to make a statement. It could be that the process sets in at birth, imperceptibly, of course, or, still imperceptibly, at the end of the growth period—say eighteen or nineteen. But at thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, when it's unfortunately perceptible, no one can say. On this subject of *when*, Dr. Brown *will* say—the genes know, and the genes tell. And the advice

he gives is—choose your parents well. And although difficult to manage, this advice is neither as cynical nor as disheartening as it may at first sound, because it is quite possible that many of us *have* made a wise choice, and it's heartening for a woman to say to herself "my grandmother (or mother or great aunt) who kept her looks so long is the real Me." Because she is.

Beyond this is there anything that a woman can grasp at to help her stay young? Avoiding stress and strain as much as is soundly and circumstantially possible is one good way. Refusing to become a hypochondriac is another; imaginary ills can do as much or more to age anyone as genuine physiological disabilities, and apprehension about anything, particularly oneself, is definitely not a young characteristic.

And then there is the big answer that Dr. Brown gives. The very best possible way of staying young is not trying to; instead, taking everything as it comes. Any way you look at it, reaching for it is sour grapes. Youth is a condition, and so is middle age, and all are part of experience. By not living whatever age the conditions impose on her at any given time, a woman is not only escaping, which is not medically sound, but far more, she is missing out, which is sad and unnecessary. As Sir William Osler reflected, "It takes great care on the part of anyone to live the mental life corresponding to the phases through which his body passes. How few minds reach puberty, how few come to adolescence, how fewer attain maturity!"

Youth is an inner climate with outward and visible signs. The woman who is bitter, envious, frustrated, is far away from youth. The other woman—outgoing, curious, sympathetic, eagerly interested in life, the woman who has developed an enviable state of equanimity, looks young, whatever else the signs. To a doctor, a healthy condition is a gratifying one. And a woman of, say, fifty-five, who is in rude health, aware, curious, wise, spirited and enjoying the fruits of fifty-five years of living, is a most pleasant and attractive sight.



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## LIVING LIKE A MILLIONAIRE

(Continued from page 93)

"Do you have eggs?"

The chef's disappointment was expressed only in the slight separation of pad from pencil.

Hunger was no longer my main concern. I wished I had paid more attention to the stories I had heard ("order anything you want"; "caviar for breakfast").

"Or fish?" I could think of nothing else.

Pad came closer to pencil. "A little salmon, perhaps?"

"Yes, a little salmon."

We left the rest of the meal to the chef. At the end, however, will reasserted itself and I ordered a bottle of hock.

We watched the chef go down the hill in his little white car. Then another car came up and a bow-tied Jamaican got out.

"Your drinks, sir." He seemed extraordinarily pleased. With light, swift gestures he set the bottles out, and then he was gone.

Glass in hand, I explored the upper level of the house. There was a small well-equipped kitchen in which, Mrs. Williams said, she would prepare breakfast and tea. The bedroom was cool and dark. It extended the width of the house and on either side of the stone wall there were glass louvers shadowed by trees outside. The bathroom had a sunken tiled bath like a small pool. And there was a carpeted dressing room. I went back to the main room, slid the glass door open and went out to the terrace on the coral cliff. At once I was aware of warmth, wind, noises: birds, leaves, the sea below. A rowboat bucked in the bay.

I sat down in a low chair, shook my glass to hear the ice tinkle, and, dropping the ash from my cigarette into a dark-blue ash tray by Valentini, began to read *The Power Elite*.

I read slowly and with difficulty. Wright Mills becomes almost impenetrable taken with whisky and soda. I put down *The Power Elite* and picked up a magazine. In it I saw the carpet on which my feet rested. I rubbed my heel into the carpet. Even this wasn't wholly reassuring.

Someone was at the door. Mrs. Williams admitted two cheerful waiters carrying a basket which I thought far too large for what we had ordered. Briskly they laid the table. Then, ceremoniously, they invited us to sit. They were

handsome men with an unusual elegance. Their gestures—the bows, the extended dish-bearing hand—were a little extravagant. They had stylishness rather than style. Exaggerating their rôle, they behaved like benevolent magicians.

The salmon was garnished with caviar.

We chewed slowly.

"Say something," my wife said. "I can hear myself eat."

We heard music.

We looked up and saw the taller waiter standing, with his magician's smile, beside what we now recognized as a stereophonic record player.

Within twenty-four hours a strange thing had happened. My interest in food and drink had disappeared. Whenever I am a tourist my interest in these things is excessive. Now, abruptly, they ceased to be subjects for fantasy. Everything was at the end of the telephone, and it was my duty to have exactly what I wanted. But how could I be sure what I wanted *best*? Wouldn't a whisky now spoil my appreciation of the wine later? Wouldn't the wine now send me to sleep for the rest of the precious afternoon? Did I really want a soufflé? Wasn't there something nicer? No decision couldn't be regretted. I gave up. I left everything to the chef. I never ordered a meal, and the next day I went without dinner. An American from another cottage, whom we had to tea, said he had given up lunch.

Throughout my journey in the Caribbean I had been drinking quantities of whisky and soda. Now the whisky remained untouched beyond that first day's sampling; and at the end of our stay we had drunk only half the bottle of brandy. We had wine with our food, as we had done in places where wine was cheap. But we had champagne only once. That was when we had an outside guest to lunch and wished to stage something for his benefit, to prove the powers of the grey telephone.

The struggle between the duty to indulge and the inclination not to worry about it was unequal. I fell into a torpor. All the stories about Frenchman's were true. But I didn't want to go rafting, boating, or riding. I didn't want any airplane rides. I didn't really want

(Continued on page 147)



## STRAIGHT TALK AND HONEY FROM A PLAYWRIGHT-DIRECTOR

(Continued from page 115)

in New York and sat down on a park bench for three hours finding out about each other, people would think we were pretty peculiar, lazy or eccentric, or both, and what's more, *we* would think we should have been getting on with something else. It's hard for us to stop."

By not stopping, curiously enough, a woman can become fixed in time and attitude, turning into a strange anachronism with the manner of a superannuated débutante or a Bryn Mawr girl preserved in tweeds. In the theatre, an actress' own intelligence usually prevents her from pretending the clock stopped at twenty-two; most actresses make the leap out of the ingénue books with extreme grace.

Some of them, we feel, benefit from a slight assist from tactful directors. Our man Kanin, for example, began his career with a less practised, unripe turn of phrase; he sometimes told an actress, "I think you're a little too old for the part." Now he says, "Dear, I think this part is a little too young for you."

And what, we wanted to know, makes an ingénue?

"Ingénue means ingenuous," came the reply. "A clean slate. When the ingénue and the juvenile kiss, everybody thinks, 'gee, how cute,' but it doesn't interest me; they have no capacity for love—Oh, I know about Romeo and Juliet, but I'm not so damned sure it ever happened.—In the era when you had a theatrical company, there was always an ingénue and a leading lady, and *everybody* knew it was better to be the leading lady—it was even better to be the vamp or the villainess than the ingénue."

In England, Mr. K. pointed out, the very young are not the great theatrical darlings; feeling runs warmer and higher for the Wendy Hillers and the Celia Johnsons, women who are not by any means in the first fling of twenty-two. We murmured appreciatively that Diana Wynyard once said to a young Vogue editor, "I was never, thank God, an ingénue," and Mr. Kanin glowed back, "I've known Diana for years, and she's always had the quality of a leading lady—there's just

more of it now; everything's ripened and practised. . . . It ought to be made passionately *clear* that hanging on to twenty-four is cheating oneself—it's like sticking with the soup course."

What's needed for ripening and practising is time, a less obnoxious word than aging. And time just happens to be what most of us are in line for since the combination of brains, science, and a new lease on common sense about eating and exercise has pushed the average U. S. life expectancy up to 69.7 years. Adding life to those years, Garson Kanin maintains, is the proper pitch—not adding years to life. "This whole funny little youth cult—I don't know how the hell it got going," meditated the ginger man, working himself up to protest pitch. "We're dealing in a fraud by perpetrating the youth cult, making youth equal value, meaning, and excitement; middle age equal less; and old equal none—an unattractive, unwanted, to-be-shunned no man's land. It isn't true. Including sex. . . . Sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen are so often worrisome, fumbling, and unsuccessful. It's only when you take charge and harness power that it becomes interesting or even bearable."

While most women think fondly of the pleasures of rolling back the years, almost none of them—surprisingly—crave ingénue status; the 'teens, even in their present enviable state of high incomes and rock parties, apparently rarely tempt anyone who has made the leap beyond twenty. Other ages, though, hold a fascination which is, to certain people, as irresistible as it is impossible to cling to. Thornton Wilder, for example, has an idea that everyone has "an ideal age"—that thirty may be best for some women, not for others; he applies the same theory to men. Presumably one can keep changing minds about the precise age that's ideal, or even mixing up looks-at-twenty-five with charm-at-forty. How Mr. Wilder handles such irregular practice, unfortunately, we can't say, but he has another, and perhaps parallel notion that learning is a natural requisite to the human condition; therefore, when learn-

ing slows or grinds to a dead stop, it's unlikely that anything but acute old age sets in. Mr. Kanin's attack on this: "A woman stays young as long as she's capable of changing her opinion." Not mind, a word which implies no woman has one, but opinion—a human product as gutsy as they come.

Presupposed in all of this is an evergreen interest in all sorts of things, all sorts of people, and enough wit to refrain from the phony antics of a false position. Throwing away the calendar is allowable, but subtracting years usually turns out to be unseemly and embarrassing. In the theatre, for instance, when a woman of thirty is cast as a nineteen-year-old, the chances are she'll play the rôle closer to eleven. A twenty-year-old playing forty often looks a semi-destroyed eighty. And in life, the woman of fifty who pretends glamorous thirty with a desperate sick concentration writes herself right out of the human race.

"Now you take Ethel Merman," said Mr. Kanin. "She's *terribly* interesting to fellas—and not young. And who on the stage now, aged twenty, can touch her for power and vitality?" With one of his own pretty electrifying jolts of power, he declared sweepingly, "All sorts of women are interesting."

This being the kind of conversation we like, we hesitated to check the flow, but who, we wondered, really wants to look old? Ripening and practising, they're fine; but must a woman be so selfless and pure she leaves off keeping up her brand image. Happily, no—as long as she does it artistically without a major loss of character or a boring preoccupation with the details of keeping the image bright and polished. Okay to give up the stark honesty of grey hair? . . . "I," said Mr. K., "have known women with grey hair, red hair, and navy-blue hair, and they have all raised an equal amount of tension in my psyche. . . . Shape, size, and colour are not comparable to what's generated. Of course, without men women wouldn't be either young or old—they wouldn't even be women."

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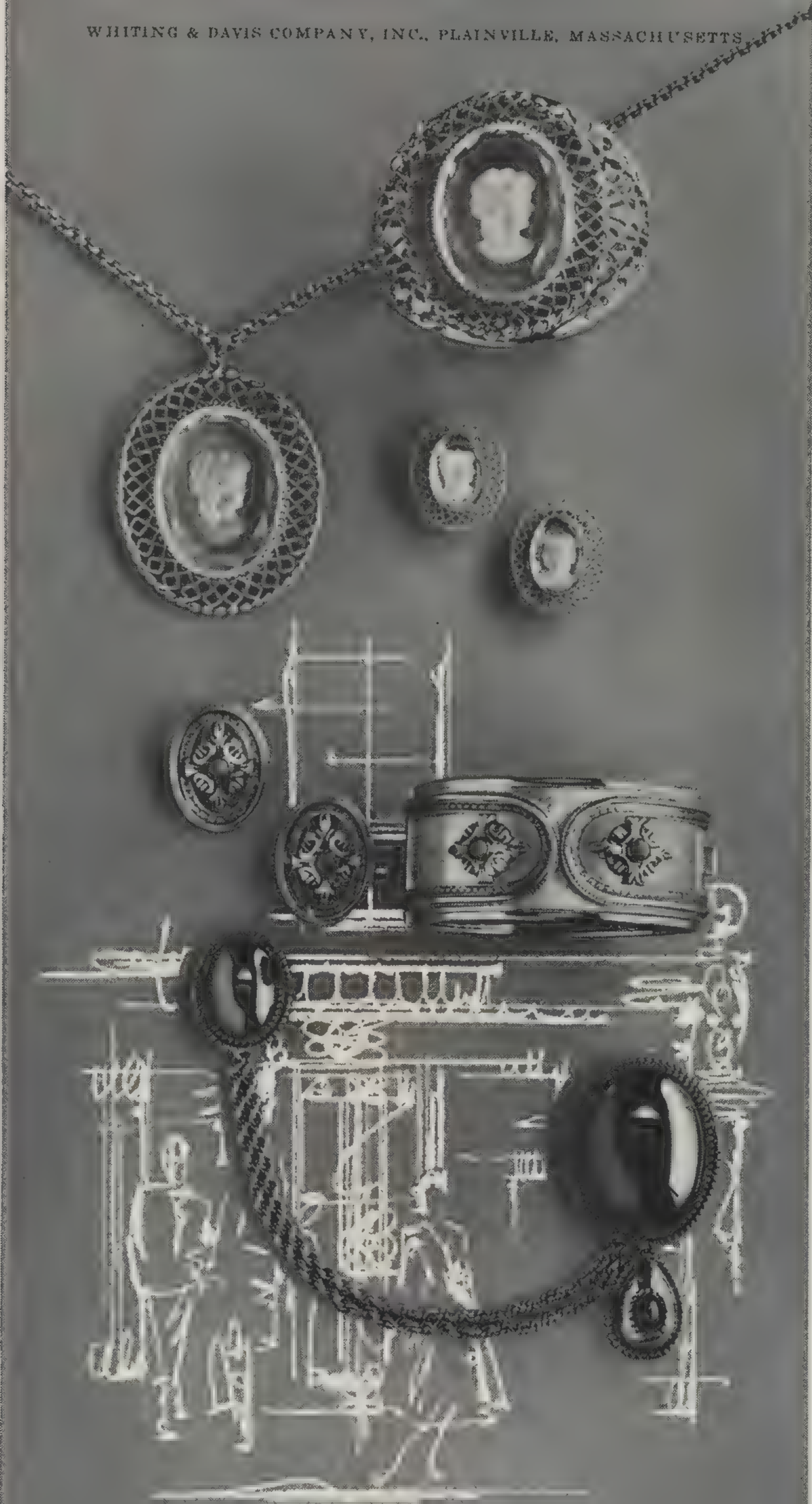




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## MRS. EXETER

(Continued from page 142)

as to any of them, then looked in the long box which held her few necklaces.

"Your pearls, of course," said Caroline.

"No, not with this," said Mrs. Exeter. "The dress is so classic, it could be very uninteresting if the jewellery weren't right. Perhaps I should have ordered it in dark red after all, but—why, that's what it needs!—a huge necklace with lots of dark red in it. I'll look for one tomorrow."

"But, surely, Nellie," Caroline said, "you aren't going to wear junk jewellery at your age!"

"If by junk jewellery you mean jewellery not made of precious stones, I certainly am." Mrs. Exeter was firm. "How else to get those marvellous colours short of becoming a pasha's favourite, and I'm afraid it's too late for that. But if by junk you mean really junk, you're light-years behind the times! There's beautiful stuff around. The necklace I need with this dress may cost me quite a bit. But, to appease you, I *am* having those tiny little diamonds from the pin Mama left me combined with some of my garnets to make a pair of quite big earrings. *They'll* be real, anyhow."

In the end, Caroline had to agree, as, a few weeks later, her sister, ready to go to a dinner party, stood pulling on her beige gloves. The spill of coloured stones around her neck (but not so close as to shorten that worked-for long, firm neck and chin line), the glow of the deep reds, and blues, and purples, and the glitter of the diamonds in the big garnet earrings were vastly becoming. The tip of one dark-red satin slipper showed, the satin evening bag was the identical colour.

Mrs. Exeter picked up her small sable jacket. "Six years' worth of sable, and just as good as ever. Come on, Caroline, we're off. I'm at an age now when I like to see people arrive rather than make entrances."

The second evening dress

Mrs. Exeter chose for this winter was a much more formal one; it bared her back and one shoulder, but the long embroidered scarf of which the dress seemed to be made ended in one loose trailing piece which Mrs. Exeter learned to drape quite skillfully over her upper arms and across her throat when she felt like it. As with the black long-sleeved dress, this one was fairly narrow; not pinchpenney, but not wide either. Both dresses were kind to Mrs. Exeter's arms; both made her look taller and slenderer; each had a waistline—and as Mrs. Exeter had kept hers, with diet, exercise, and constant posture awareness, she wasn't going to hide that light under a bushel. "Bushels are for hopeless flaws," said Mrs. Exeter, no respecter of metaphors.

The scarf dress was made of very dark-red matte satin; the trailing scarf edges were faintly outlined in tiny dark-reddish-brownish-blackish beads. With this dress, she wore no jewellery except her garnet and diamond earrings; and the pale beige gloves which she invariably wore in the evening were, for this dress, the longest pair she owned, reaching halfway above the elbow to the shoulder. The dark-red slippers were perfect with it, and so was the bag. And so, of course, was the forever-sable jacket.

The first time Mrs. Exeter wore the red dress was for the opera, and a party after, given by an old beau. She knew the dress would look as attractive (and would sit as well) in the box as at the restaurant table later. She knew that her hair would stay in place (lacquered for the occasion); that her make-up would stay fresh (it was light, thin, and "fixed" with cotton wrung out in astringent). She knew that she was going to love the music, enjoy the supper later, and that no one pays compliments as satisfactory-if-nostalgic as an old beau. She knew she was going to have a delicious evening. And she did.



## LIVING LIKE A MILLIONAIRE

(Continued from page 144)

to telephone London or New York. One day we went out motoring; one afternoon, for the experience, I drove an MG. And that was enough. We spent only a few minutes every day on the beach: after all, there were beaches other places. Sometimes we drove about the grounds in our little white car. Sometimes we went to the lodge to choose records and books. But I read only one book, *The Outsider*, and that I didn't like and finished only out of a sense of duty. A long stay in England has taught me to dress for dinner; the rest of the day I prefer to spend in pyjamas. So I did now.

The limits of my tastes disappointed and saddened me. Would being a millionaire mean only this? Would it bring this contraction of the senses? Perhaps it was the solitude at Frenchman's. Perhaps—disturbing thought—if we were among people who were likely to be impressed, perhaps if we had outside guests every day, the gratification of the senses might have ceased to be a duty.

As it was, we just exposed ourselves to the view: the ever-changing light and colours, the sea beyond the glass wall.

"You're very quiet," Mrs. Williams said. "Just like the Diefenbakers."

The day before we left, the telephone, unusually, rang.

"Mr. Naipaul? This is Grainger Weston." The voice was brisk, even hurried. "We wonder

whether you and your wife would like to come over this evening after dinner."

We had our last dinner and, with it, a bottle of Château Lafite-Rothschild.

The waiter said, "See you next season."

The Westons didn't live in Frenchman's Cove but at Turtle Cove, a short distance away. I was not surprised to find that the house was an old-fashioned Jamaican country house, not remarkable in any way, and without air conditioning.

Grainger Weston turned out to be a slender man with a sharp ascetic face. I thought he was in his thirties. He wore belted khaki shorts and a white T-shirt. We met his wife and his sister-in-law. We sat outside in the dark and talked, mostly about Frenchman's Cove.

I told them how we had spent our time. Mrs. Weston said they were always interested in the reactions of their guests. Some became restless; others just grew very quiet. We recognized the Diefenbakers and ourselves.

Drinks were brought out: ginger ale.

I offered cigarettes. The Westons didn't smoke.

Hesitantly, I asked exactly what the charges were at Frenchman's.

"I can tell you that," Grainger Weston said. "Three thousand dollars a month for two."

## CHANEL SUIT-FORDS

The following is a list of shops throughout the country where the clothes shown on pages 78-81 may be found.

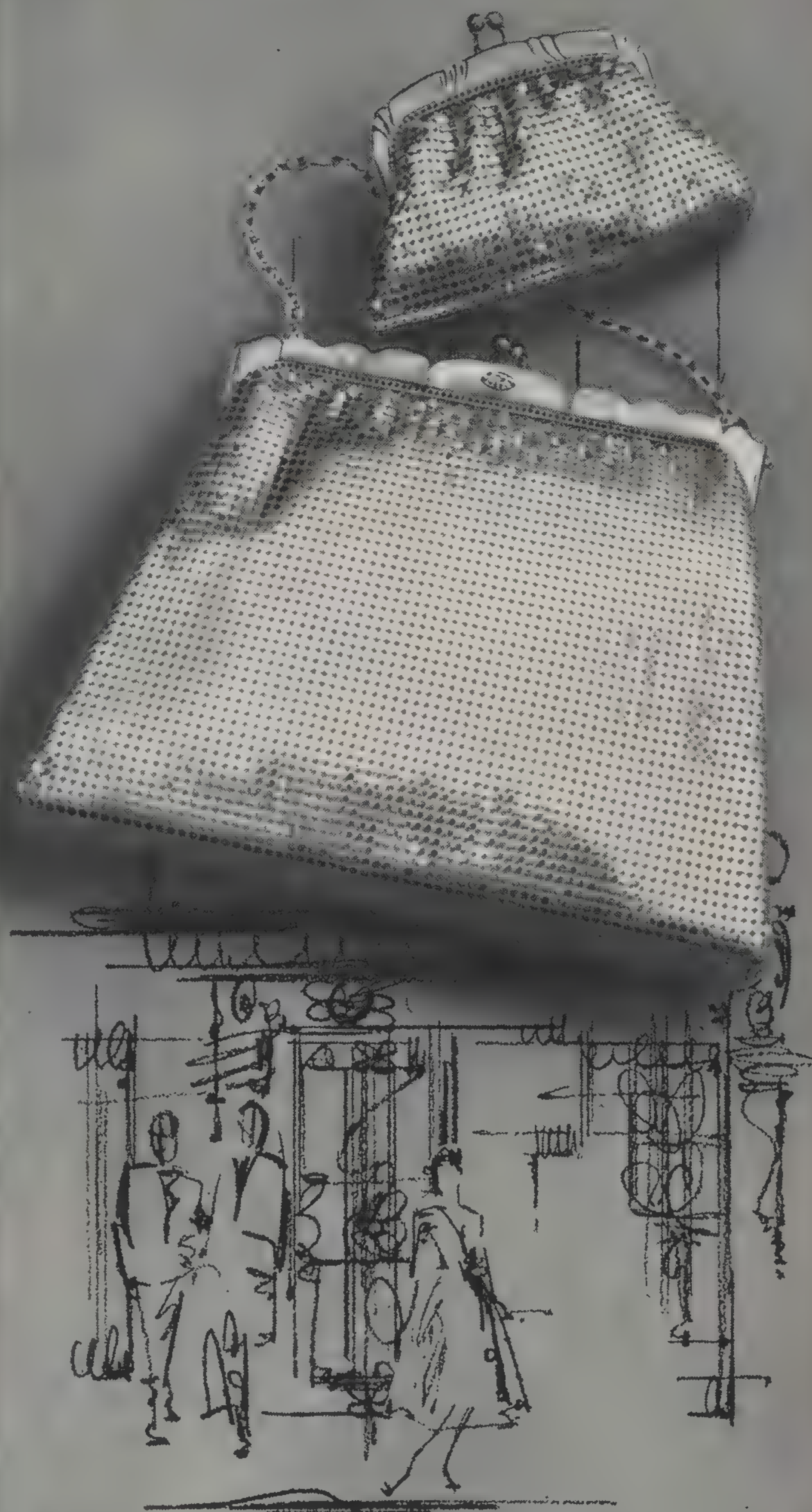
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Buffalo, N. Y. .... L. L. Berger  
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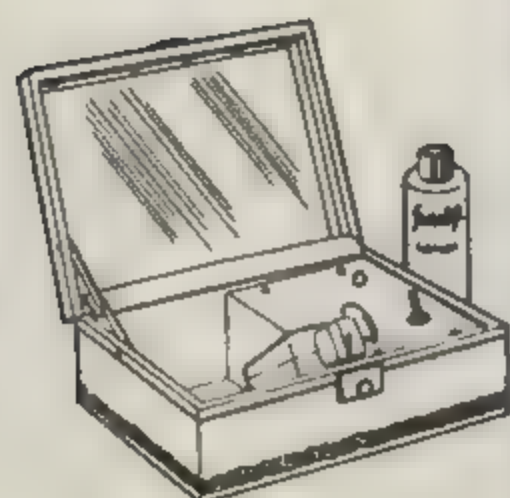


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## YOUNG PARIS COAT-SHAPE

Full view, here, of the Dior coat on the cover of this issue. A brisk young shape with narrowness at the top, side buttons closed with pretzel-loops, skirt that moves outward from a low-belt band. Coat, copied by Country Tweeds in wool fleece; about \$120. For shops, see the listing on the opposite page.



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coat-minded  
before.

CONTINUING TRUTHS FROM  
A TOP PSYCHIATRIST

(Continued from page 114)

at forty, that she has not yet lived.

In a paper presented before the American Geriatrics Society, Dr. Clow and an associate, Dr. Edward B. Allen, observed: "Everyone, on reaching the age of fifty, to some extent enters the valley of secret fears. . . . Although everyone is subject to fears and uncertainties throughout his life, he is more wont to give expression to them in his earlier years. As he grows older he likes to appear stable and sophisticated, even when all is not well within.

"He is ashamed to disclose anxieties that he more quickly revealed to others in his youth and adolescence. Then his hope, vigour, and enthusiasm made them seem like reversible processes; now, with a recognition of increasing rigidity, they appear as terminal conditions. . . .

"How each person meets and adjusts himself will largely determine the length of his future earthly existence."

There are no helpful incantations, no everyday-in-every-way routines, no crash diets for the psyche. It is instead a matter of the verities: you know their names. (A sense of humour never aged anybody, either, in spite of Somerset Maugham's all too accurate contention that the chronological-

ly young fail to be good company precisely because they lack it, and "take themselves with a seriousness which is only unintentionally diverting.")

The woman most apt to remain young is untroubled by changes in plan; she is not unduly disturbed when her husband decides that he wants a cheese sandwich although she has been cooking all day, when her daughter decides to be married not at home (although the orchestra has been engaged) but in a civil ceremony.

She does not make life more difficult than need be. Because she does not see disaster lurking around every corner, she is not terrified by arguments, deadlines, upsets. She can live with tension. She has accepted responsibility for herself, has, to use Dr. Clow's phrase, *committed herself to life*.

Unlike Harry in T. S. Eliot's *The Family Reunion* ("The man who returns will have to meet/The boy who left. . . . down the corridor/That led to the nursery, round the corner/Of the new wing, he will have to face him—/ And it will not be a very jolly corner"), she is capable of turning corners. She need not fear her future because she does not fear her past.

THE COAT ON THE COVER

The following is a list of shops throughout the country where the American version of the coat on the cover may be found.

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Boston, Mass. . . . Jordan Marsh  
Buffalo, N. Y. . . . Adam, Meldrum & Anderson  
Charlotte, N. C. . . . J. B. Ivey  
Cincinnati, Ohio . . . H. & S. Pogue  
Columbus, Ohio . . . F. & R. Lazarus  
Dallas, Tex. . . . Titcher-Goettinger  
Dayton, Ohio . . . Elder & Johnston  
Denver, Colo. . . . May-D & F  
Detroit, Mich. . . . Winkelman's  
Harrisburg, Pa. . . . Mary Sachs  
Hartford, Conn. . . . G. Fox  
Houston, Tex. . . . Battelstein's  
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Lewiston, Me. . . . Ward Bros.  
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Memphis, Tenn. . . . John Gerber  
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . Rothschild Young-Quinlan

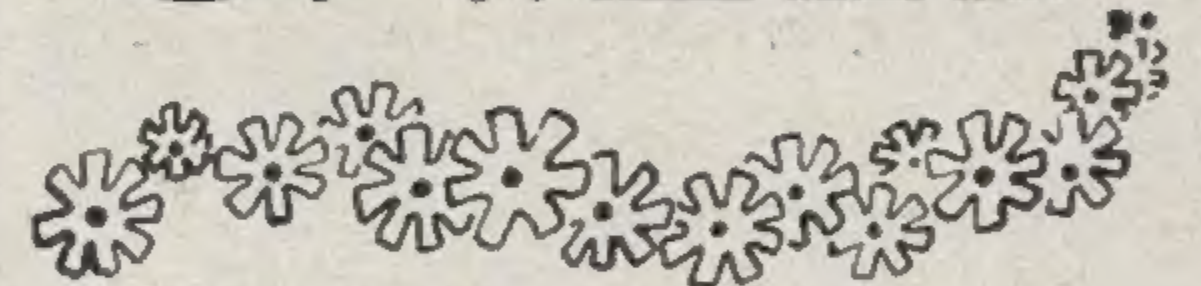
Miami, Fla. . . . Jordan Marsh  
Nashville, Tenn. . . . Cain-Sloan  
Newark, N. J. . . . Bamberger's  
Oklahoma City, Okla. . . . John A. Brown  
Omaha, Neb. . . . Younker-Kilpatrick  
Philadelphia, Pa. . . . John Wanamaker  
Phoenix, Ariz. . . . Goldwaters  
Pittsburgh, Pa. . . . Joseph Horne  
Portland, Ore. . . . Rhodes  
Providence, R. I. . . . Gladding's  
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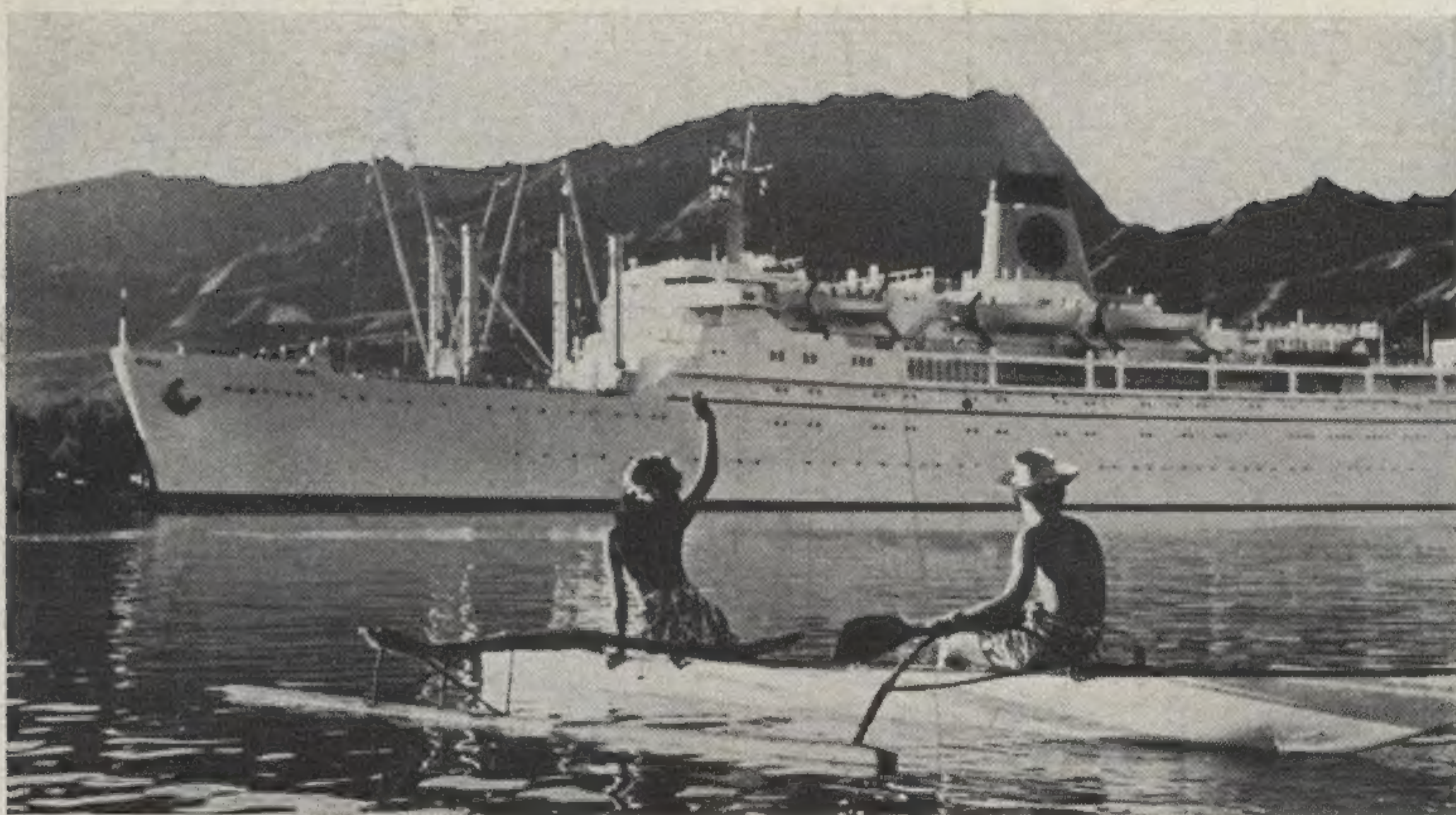
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